BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1944

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1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Problem

FIND THE PLACKET

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No, there isn't any placket. No buttons or other fasteners on the hips to cause bulkiness or spoil the symmetry of the hip line. The now fashionable 'ZWOW' man-style pocket supersedes the old style placket and provides the neatest of neat fasteners on the waistband. Good drapers and stores everywhere stock 'GOR-RAY' Skirts in a wide variety of attractive styles featuring the 'ZWOW.'

ALL THE BETTER FOR THE 'Zwow' Regd. POCKET

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Scientific

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 29, No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1944

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

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of a Quarter-master
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The largest Biscuit Makers in the British Empire

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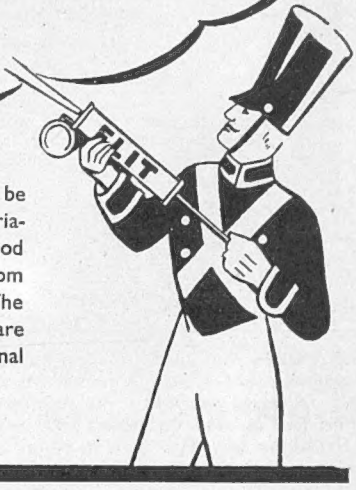
In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

USE FLIT SPARINGLY



Our armies overseas need to be protected from flies and malaria-carrying mosquitoes. National food supplies have to be protected from contamination by insect pests. The raw materials for making Flit are required for these essential national needs.

HOUSEWIVES TO BE . . . .

We, who owe our success to the housewives of peace-time Britain, record here our tribute to their daughters and grand-daughters in uniform

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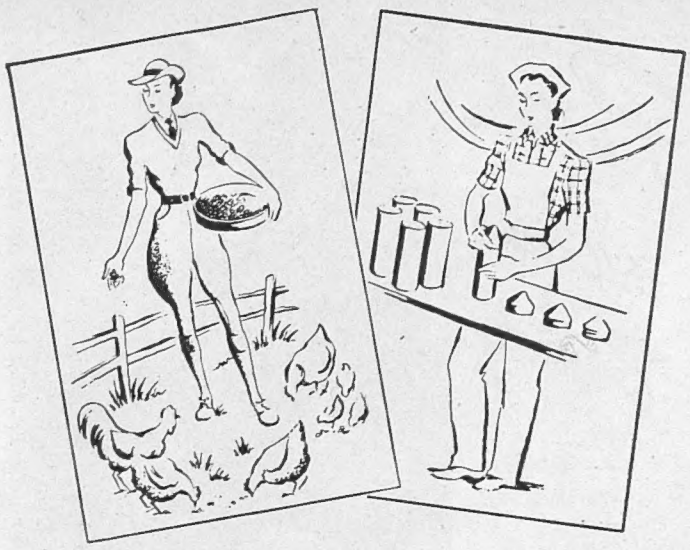

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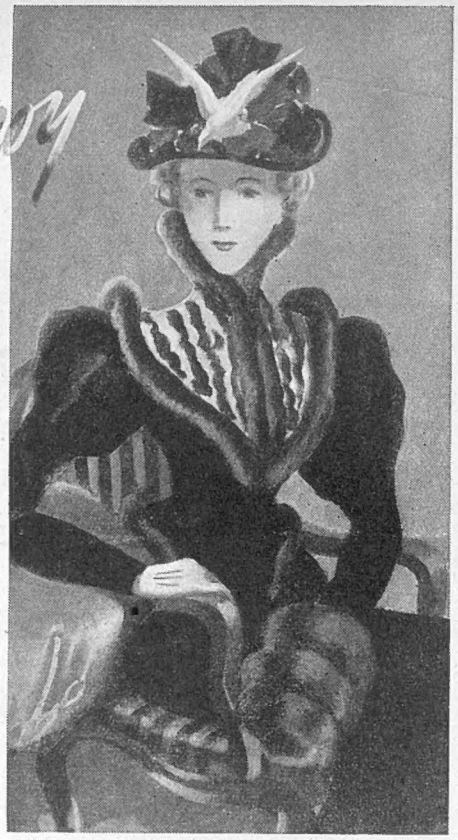
Pomeroy still serves Beauty



For she was beautiful:
her beauty made
The bright world dim,
and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting
image of a shade
SHELLEY

The loveliness of Edwardian women was world-famous
Pomeroy served beauty then as it does today.

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The ballerina trips a measure
In dainty shoes of buckskin leather

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If this style is out of stock other attractive models available.

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– every morning take
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"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

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no doubt, either, which is the more necessary—to hasten the day when we can go forward to better times, new standards of living. When that day comes there will be new and better G.E.C. Electric Appliances to give you a fresh conception of the benefits and convenience of electricity in the home.

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without reserve—
and then
he does the same again
and again and again.
And ourselves,
here in Britain?
Let us show that we also
have strength.
Let us SALUTE
THE FIGHTING FORCES
with more
and yet more saving!

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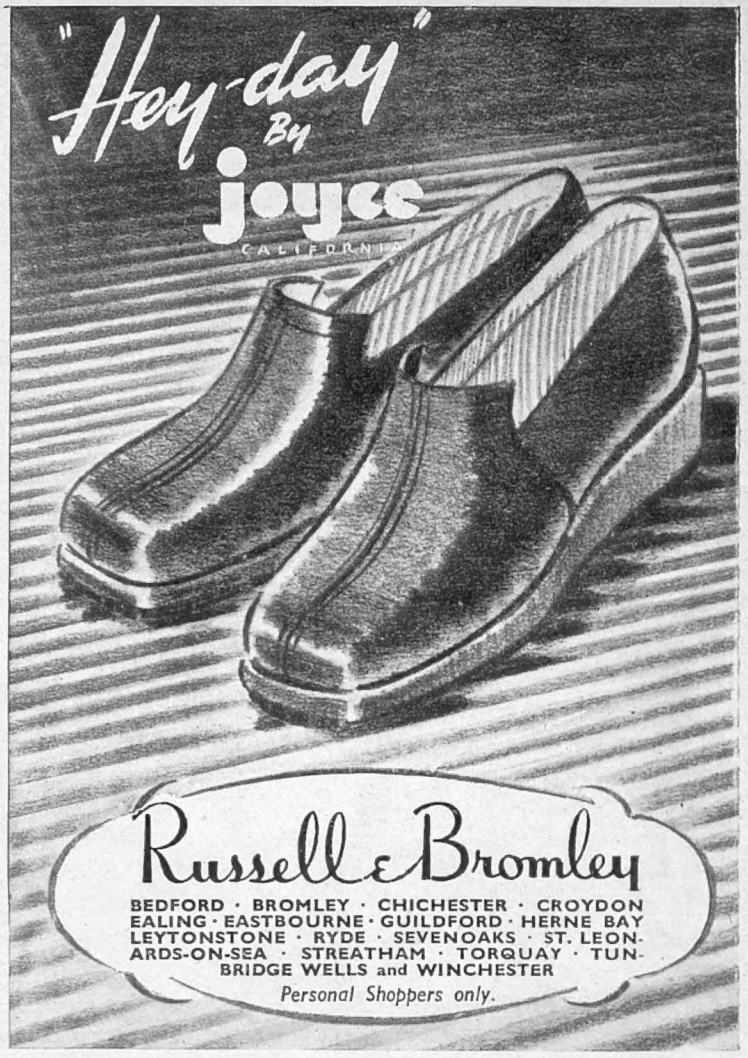
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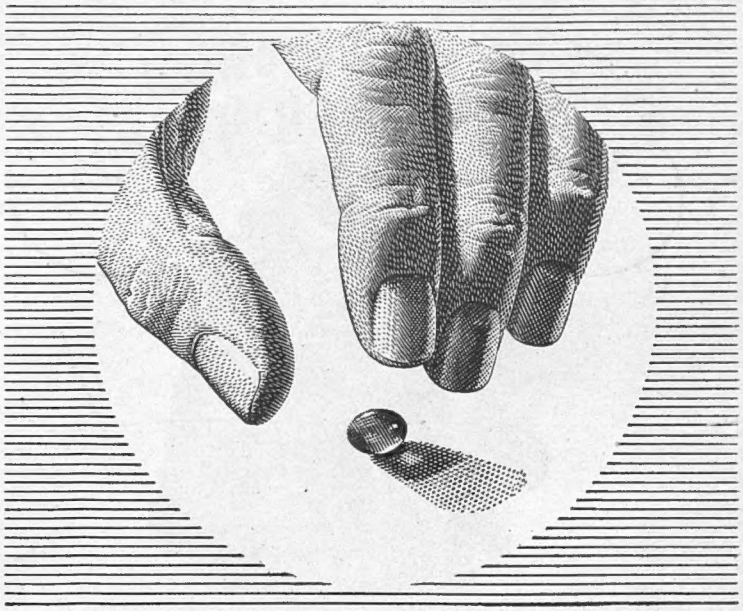

RATIONING MAKES *EXTRA* VITAMIN SUPPLY ESSENTIAL

The body must have enough vitamins A and D if it is to remain healthy. Before rationing most of us got sufficient of these in our ordinary meals, but wartime diets tend to reduce the vitamin value of our food.

A daily dose of Crookes' provides sufficient 'anti-infective' vitamin A to enable you to resist colds and influenza; it provides, too, the correct amount of 'sunshine' vitamin D to keep adults healthy and to allow children to grow up with strong bones and sound teeth.

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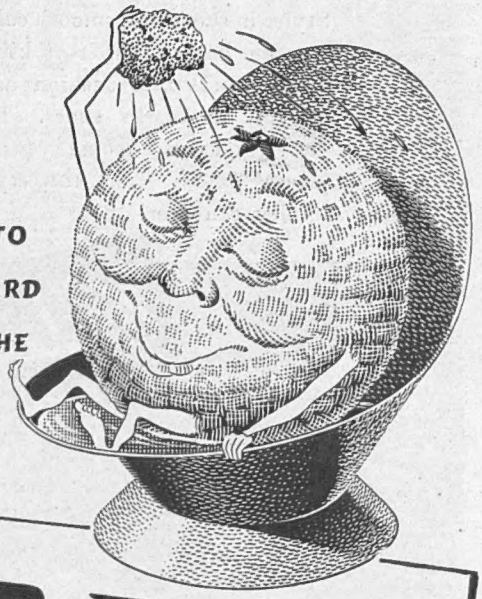

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO AFTER THE WAR

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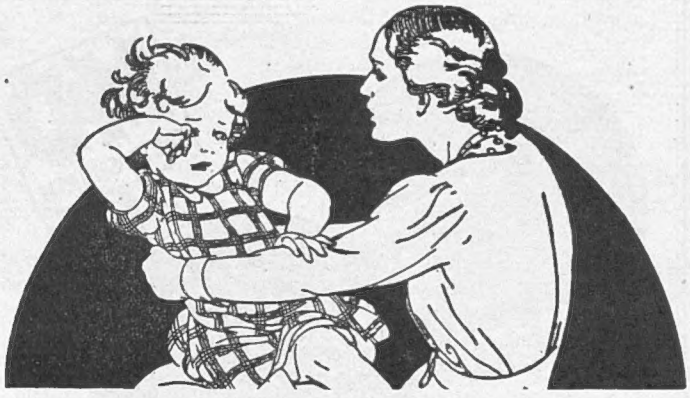

Mother!
Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

Store-house of health

At one time tomatoes were grown purely as decorative novelties, and were known by the charming name of love-apples. Now we know that tomatoes are a grand protective food; that they help to clear the complexion, give buoyant health and vitality, and guard against infection.

Much of the goodness of tomatoes is retained in bottling. So bottle as many as you can, not only for their healthfulness but for the refreshing flavour and attractive colour tomatoes add to your winter meals.

The juice is equally precious, so use every drop, in soups or sauces, and perhaps for some appetising tomato juice cocktails.

Here is one easy method of bottling tomatoes. Why not do some today? Other simple ways are given in a leaflet — see offer below.

Bottling Tomatoes whole: OVEN METHOD

JARS. There are several kinds on the market. Also various tops to use with jam jars. If you use jam jars, make sure that the rims are a perfect circle, and that the tops fit. Make sure you get the right size rings, etc. Test before using (fill jars with cold water, put on rubber rings, tops and bands or clips, wipe dry and stand jars head down for half an hour. If they leak, examine for defects; try another rubber ring, or adjust clip). Rinse and drain jars before use.

METHOD

1. Wash the tomatoes and pack them whole, into jars, gently but as closely as possible. Fill right to top to allow for shrinkage as they cook.

2. Put them in a slow oven (about 240° F.) and stand them on cardboard or thicknesses of paper to prevent cracking. Cover the group of bottles with a shallow baking-tin or browning sheet whilst the tomatoes are cooking.

3. Sterilise tops and rings (not bands or clips) by putting them in cold water, bringing to boil and boiling 15 minutes; use while hot.

4. When the tomatoes appear cooked (they *must* be cooked for at least 1½ hrs.), and are slightly shrunk, take out one jar at a time; place on mat or folded paper, pour in boiling brine (½ oz. of salt dissolved in 1 qt. water) to overflowing, a little sugar (¼ oz.) may be added to the brine before filling the bottles, if desired. Seal immediately with hot sterilised rubber rings and top, then band or clip. Screwbands may need tightening as jar cools. Test next day; take off clip or band, lift jar by lid; if it stays on seal is perfect. If lid comes off, that jar is faulty and must be re-done or used within a few days.

FREE LEAFLET: **"Preservation of Tomatoes"**

giving simple directions for bottling tomatoes in their own juice; for bottling in deep pan or sterilizer, etc., gladly sent on request. Please send a p.c. for it to Ministry of Food, Dept. 628A, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S98)

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AS SPRING BLOSSOMS

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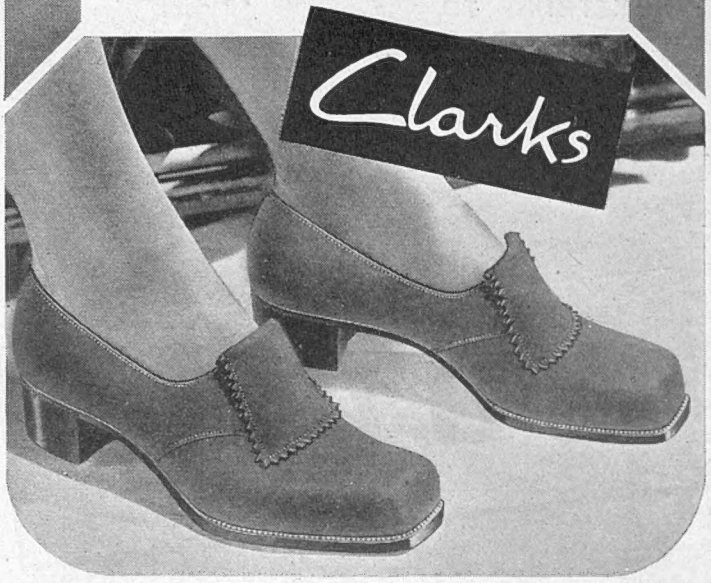
HANDMADE COSMETICS

Obtainable from leading Stores

Fashion *and* Fit

Styles in suede and smooth calf leathers —wedge heels, square toes, hinged wood soles—you'll find fashion as well as comfort in Clarks shoes. But *every* design may not come your way, so please choose from the styles your retailer can offer.



CLARKS of STREET have retailers in nearly every town. Please choose from the styles you find available.

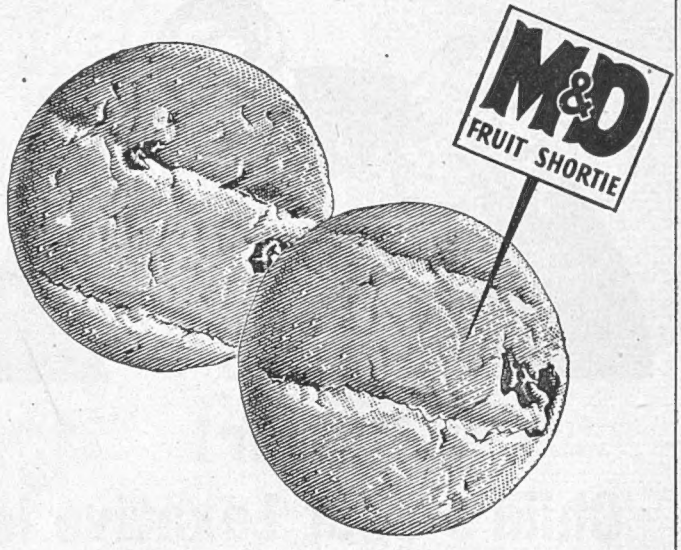
Wise Buy!

Here's a very precious treasure
Dating back to days of leisure
Purchased for a lady's trousseau
Ah! How wise she was to do so,
For its excellent condition
Proves she made a wise decision.
So we think there's no denying
'Celanese' is clever buying

'Celanese' TRADE MARK
makes good use of Coupons

CC41
'Celanese' UTILITY FABRIC USE COOL IRON

G23C



Owing to zoning regulations, M & D Biscuits are not on sale in all parts of the country. Even where zoning regulations do not apply, M & D Biscuits may be in short supply or difficult to obtain, owing to increased demands for the Forces and the necessity to build up food reserves.

Meredith & Drew, makers of the famous favourites, Oval Marie and Digestive, introduce a new and delicious tea-time Fruit Shortie. This rich, sweet, short biscuit, containing fruit, is made of the finest and purest ingredients obtainable. This is just what you expect from Meredith & Drew— biscuit makers of distinction for over 114 years.

MEREDITH & DREW
MEREDITH & DREW LTD., ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH, LEICS.

Britannia & Eve september 1944

MOST of the German officers billeted in the little Norwegian hotel a few miles from the Swedish frontier welcomed the new waitress. She was the niece of Old Marta, the innkeeper's wife, they learnt, and had come from Trondhjem, some fifty miles away.

"We are luckier here than they are in Trondhjem in the matter of food," Old Marta told them. "And Olga needs building up. She is not very strong. Her lungs," she explained vaguely.

"She doesn't look consumptive. In any case, it is not wise to have a consumptive in a place like an hotel," the senior officer said.

"But she isn't consumptive!" Marta protested. "Her lungs are not strong, that is all. She needs quiet, and good food, and she will be strong again."

"She's an uncommonly pretty girl," one of the younger men said, when Old Marta had left them.

And in this he spoke with truth, for the girl, if fragile in appearance, had lovely golden hair and eyes of a clear blue—almost gentian.

"Too doll-like," another of the officers said.

"But a pretty doll," the other insisted. "And I like her neat, trim figure. Zukh always falls for the type. If she's wise, she'll keep out of his way."

Carl Zukh was in charge of the Gestapo in that part of Norway, a man of very great, almost despotic, local power, a big, unpleasant fish in a small pond. He, too, was billeted in the hotel and at the evening meal he saw the girl.

"Hallo!" he said, in surprise. "You're new!" His small cunning eyes took her in.

"Yes, Sir. I got here to-day from Trondhjem."

"So! Get me more soup, will you?" He spoke almost gently for so important a man, and his pale face followed her as she turned to the kitchen.

"She's an uncommonly pretty girl," one of the younger men said, when Old Marta had left them

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Old Marta's niece," one of the officers told him.

"She's prettier than her aunt," was his comment, and after a moment he went on: "I've a feeling that I've seen her before."

Over The Border

A Drama Of The Gestapo In Norway

By

Holloway Horn

After the meal, in his office on the first floor, he went through a file containing dossiers of many people who were wanted by the Gestapo. They were docketed and indexed with German elaborateness, but it took him some time to find the one he wanted. It was a better picture than most of them, for it had evidently been printed from a professional photograph.

For a while he contemplated it in silence. He knew that her papers must have been examined by one of his agents, but it was not impossible, as he also knew, for Norwegians on the run to get hold of faked papers.

His cunning little eyes were narrowed in thought and he sat for minutes huddled in his chair before he called, "Kraft!" One of his men appeared in the doorway. "Get the new waitress," he went on. "I want a word with her. Tell her to bring her papers."

"I have already inspected them, Sir," Kraft said. "They are in order."

"Do what I tell you," snapped Zukh.

And a minute or so later she was ushered in. She stood nervously, just inside the door.

"Sit down," Zukh said, indicating a chair at his side.

"Will you want me, Sir?" his assistant asked.

"No. Your papers, please," he went on to the girl.

He examined her permit and passport carefully: "The photo. is actually of yourself," he said. "That was clever."

"Of course it is," she said. "It's my passport."

He smiled: "What was Oslo looking like when you left it?"

"I come from Trondhjem," she protested.

He shook his head: "I don't think so . . . Paula Ausdal."

She watched him in silence.

"You made a wonderfully good waitress, but an actress of your experience would have no difficulty in such a part, of course," he went on.

"Thank you," she said.

"You admit that you are Paula Ausdal?"

"It would appear to be useless to deny it. It's bad luck running into you, that's all."

"Very bad luck! I have a wonderful memory. I never forget a face. I saw you in Oslo. And when your picture was sent to me as a wanted person—wanted by the Gestapo, I mean—I

recognised you at once. And when I saw you to-night I also remembered. I suppose your idea was to get into Sweden ? "

" Yes."

" Did you actually kill that Major in Oslo ? " he asked, almost casually.

" No. But I should have been pleased if I had. Someone else—a Norwegian boy—killed him because he insulted me. They killed the boy . . . he was a chemist."

" I 'm afraid it means a shooting squad for you. It 's not a very pleasant end," he said, his narrow eyes holding her.

" So I understand," she said, unemotionally.

" You 're very calm."

" Very. I know when the game is up. It was bad luck, as I said, running into you. I 'd bluffed the others . . . they were stupid. What a pity you aren't."

" Even if I had not been here, I don't see how you could possibly have got over the border. You couldn't go over the mountains—the one road is snowbound now."

" There is the railway. There is still a train a day."

" And that is equally impossible. You would need your papers to be signed by the Gestapo chief here, and none of us is a fool—or he wouldn't be a Gestapo chief."

" And I suppose it 's no use asking you to sign them now ? " she asked with a sudden, impudent smile which changed the whole expression of her face.

" Most things can be bought in this world," he said, watching her with half-closed eyes. " You are an extremely attractive young woman, Paula. And I rather like your type. It would be such a waste if you were shot."

" Thank you," she said again, with a demure, mocking little curtsy.

" An extremely attractive young woman," he repeated. " You understand that it is useless for you to attempt to reach Sweden ? "

" I 'm afraid so."

" The train leaves the local station at eight in the morning," he said, his eyes still on her.

" At three minutes past, to be precise, and it reaches the border at eight-twenty-nine. There it stays for thirty minutes and then, a minute or so later, it is in Sweden," she amplified his statement with a helpless little gesture.

" So ! "

" And in Sweden I have friends who await me," she said.

" My room is Number Six on this floor . . . the end door in the corridor," he said after he had watched her for

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

" And I suppose it 's no use asking you to sign them now ? " she asked with a sudden, impudent smile which changed the whole expression of her face. " Most things can be bought in this world," he said, watching her with half-closed eyes. " You are an extremely attractive young woman, Paula, and I rather like your type "

silent seconds. "At midnight no one would notice you if you happened to come along the corridor to that room."

"What guarantee have I that you would sign the paper if I did? Let us be frank with each other."

"My word. I'll sign it as soon as you are in my room. It will also require the official stamp—as you know. I'll put that on now. . . . So! All it wants is my signature which, of course, is known to the Gestapo agent who will examine it at the border."

"Then at midnight . . . I will be there," she said. "My room is just above it. No one will see me. You will not mention it? I shouldn't like the people here to know."

"You have my word," he said.

"Thank you. You may as well keep my papers."

"Until we meet again—they will be in my room. I still have a bottle of champagne, by the way."

"Champagne! Lovely! But we must have a sandwich with it. Champagne—late in the evening—makes me the least bit *too* sleepy—and I don't like to be too sleepy. Ask them in the kitchen . . . ham and mushroom sandwiches. They have both, I know."

"Ham and mushroom sandwiches . . . you are imaginative, my dear!"

Once again she smiled that provocative smile: "You can't get a lot of fun out of anything without imagination. See you presently."

It was a different girl who tapped at Zukh's door some few hours later. She was wearing a thin, black silk dressing-gown that emphasised the slim line of her figure, and her lips and face were perfectly made up.

"So!" he said with a smile. "You come."

"Of course! And you have the champagne, I see, and the sandwiches."

She crossed to the table at the bottom of his bed and took a sandwich.

He was wearing pyjamas—purple pyjamas—and the colour deepened the tints in his coarse,

ALBERT BAILEY

red skin. "I've signed your permit . . . unless I cancel it, you can get into Sweden to-morrow. There it is, by the mirror.'

"But you won't cancel it," she said, as she glanced at the signature. "Now I see you out of uniform I can tell that you are not the man to do a thing like that."

"Of course not, little one. You're delicious!" he went on.

"I'm cold!" she said. "Let's have some champagne."

"To us!" he said, and smiled at her out of his little pig-like eyes.

"And the future!" she said. "Lovely champagne and lovely sandwiches. I'm as hungry as a hunter. Come on . . . or I shall eat them all. What's your name? What shall I call you . . . to-night?"

"Carl," he said.

She was sitting in the only chair in the room, in front of an electric fire, bending forward slightly, watching him. He sat at her feet, leaning against her. His short hair was bristly and grey and she saw that his neck bulged with fat.

"You're very young?" he said, looking up suddenly at her.

"Twenty. And you?"

"Older . . . much older. But there's many a good tune played on an old fiddle, little one."

"Surely! Give me another sandwich. I like the triangular ones."

"Right."

"We'll turn that fire off presently," he said. "I'm feeling very warm."

"I'm warmer now. Can I have more champagne? It's long since I had any."

"My dear . . . we have to finish the bottle, anyway. And there's another . . . for afterwards."

He rose and crossed to the bottle. "It's funny," he said. "Do you mind if I open the window a little? I feel . . . dizzy. It must be that damned fire. I . . . I'll lie down for a moment. Sorry . . . little one."

"Don't worry about me," she said. "Perhaps you had better not have any more champagne."

"I'm . . . I'm ill . . ." he suddenly gasped.

He was breathing heavily; his red face was taking on a greyish tinge. From her chair by the fire she watched him calmly.

"Will you get me . . . some water. I can't breathe."

"Yes, I will."

His teeth chattered against the glass as he drank, and he sank back on to the bed with closed eyes.

She was suddenly frightened. The room was deathly still: she could no longer hear him breathing. As she watched, a shiver passed through him. He seemed to pull himself upright, but at once collapsed, and something in the rigidity of the body, clothed so incongruously in purple, told her that he was dead.

As she took her papers from the ledge by the mirror she glanced at her reflection, but her make-up cloaked any change in her appearance. She put the documents into the pocket of her dressing-gown and then carefully picked out the remaining oblong sandwiches. Afterwards, in her own room, she destroyed them. The ones cut in the shape of a triangle were left: she knew that they contained none of the red powder the chemist in Oslo had given her—the chemist they had shot. She knew, for she herself had cut the sandwiches in the kitchen that evening.

The chambermaid knocked at his door the following morning and her outcry brought several of his colleagues to the scene. It was then a few minutes past nine . . . for Zukh was not an early riser. Just about the time, indeed, when the train was due at the first station over the Swedish border in the little town where Paula's friends awaited her. [END]

It was a different girl who tapped at Zukh's door some few hours later. Paula was wearing a thin, black silk dressing-gown that emphasised the slim line of her figure, and her lips and face were perfectly made up

SEPP DIETRICH who commands the Fuehrer's bodyguard

The Last of the Nazis

The Men Who May Stick To Hitler To The End

By Ferdinand Tuohy

SPECULATION as to what Hitler and his leading gangsters will do in that hour when the Allied armies move rapidly over Germany and to Berlin develops along two main lines. One inclines to the belief that the Nazi high-ups will smuggle themselves across to Sweden and Switzerland, take off in powerful planes for the Argentine, perhaps seek Japan by U-boat. The other line of thought sees the last Nazi chiefs sticking around Hitler in the Alps and Dolomites, trying from a German mountain *maquis* gradually to wear down the Allied Occupation by control of a vast, underground, partisan warfare extending beyond the confines of the Reich.

Each school can adduce a strong case.

It is no "newspaper story" but an official Washington source which gives categorical details of big fortunes deposited by Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop, Himmler, Hess and Robert Ley, mainly in South America but also in Sweden, Switzerland and Japan. Hitler's name is absent but his nest-egg could, of course, be looked after by another.

Disappearance up-country in South America is easy—witness how the *von Spee's* crew do it apparently more or less as they want to. On the other hand, Sweden and Switzerland would be unhealthy and subject to close pressure by the Allies, while any sojourn in Japan by Nazi leaders could only be temporary.

The last-stand-in-the-mountains idea is substantiated in several ways. The Nazis are known to be training special Waffen S.S., together with Hitler Youth, in guerrilla tactics, and it is the obvious thing to do in view of the success the *maquis* has had. There is a hard core of Nazis going by various initials—S.S., S.A., S.D., and so on, also the Gestapo and the 9,000 party leaders—who have nothing whatever to hope for outside their own ranks. In complete charge of all arms and munition depots, food, stores and equipment, they are reported already to be shifting material in bulk up to the Bavarian and Austrian heights, in the heart of which lies Berchtesgaden. Here—though not in his hillside chalet but in an eyrie carved in a rocky peak 6,000 feet up—Hitler has an ideal hide-out from which to direct his underground war until blasted out.

Whereafter one visualizes him and his desperate associates as so many brigands hopping from cave to cave, avoiding capture by a hair's breadth. A war correspondent in Normandy, after describing how some Germans withdrew to a hole in a hill and blazed away like Hollywood gangsters until the last man was a grotesque corpse, added this, maybe, prophetic comment: "That is the way the Nazis will end. Born as a gang, having ruled as racketeers, they will die as outlaws in mountain caves."

Should this happen—and I think it the more likely of the two eventualities, with the qualification that such as a Goering might head for South America in order to look after the finance side, even to prepare the ground for the others when the guerrilla hangover came to a close—should this cave business come to anything, who will be the last of the Nazis, ready to make of their bodies a final rampart protecting their Fuehrer and god?

Well, fattiness Goering would, as I say, be an encumbrance in a mountain *maquis* and I take leave to see him going neutral, if any of them do. His *bonhomie* and business connections pick him for the role, also his close Swedish ties. Hitler's guerrillas would require steady funds and Goering is their ordained banker.

Then the unsoldierly club-foot, Goebbels. He would like to run revolution from the fleshpots but he'd be yanked into the mountains as indispensable. His would be the exhorting voice of the German *maquis*. Knowing the German mentality to its innermost recesses, his power over the Germans has all along been uncanny. Goebbels's highest hope would doubtless be to merge the Nazi Resistance in a general Communist sweep owning allegiance to the Russians and aimed at the Anglo-American liberators.

Vain, quick-tempered, phoney Ribbentrop would miss the diplomatic corps in a mountain gorge. I find it hard to fit him into the picture—what real weight could he pull? Rather does it seem that his work would be covered by Bradford-born Ernst Bohle, head of the "Germans Abroad" movement. Bohle has an obvious job to do from Hitler's eventual fastness, if such develops. That of maintaining German "colonies" all over the world in sympathy with the German Resistance in the homeland. Incidentally, these "Germans Abroad" are going to be quite a

(*Continued on page* 66)

DR. OTTO THIERACK

PROFESSOR ALBERT SPEER

BALDUR VON SCHIRACH

ALFRED ROSENBERG

HEINRICH HIMMLER

GERHARD SCHACH

ERNST BOHLE

GENERAL ZEITZLER

After

Hermann Goering

Prince Louis Ferdinand

Karl von Rundstedt

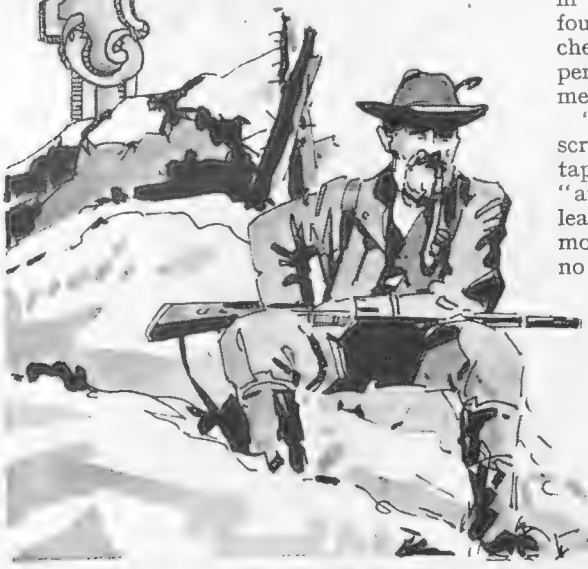
Dr. Hjalmar Schacht

SOLINGEN, the steel city, basked quietly under the hot blue August sky. I leaned against P-13, pet tank of my pack, and talked to a pretty girl in a summery frock. Three more young women adorned our tank park on the eastern slope—officers' wives from the Cologne garrison over for lunch and the thrill of a tank ride.

My girl, daughter of a visiting politician, was well up on the new Germany. Last week, a national assembly at Weimar had adopted a republican constitution. Friedrich Ebert, elected last February, was a good man. It showed how the Germans had changed—a saddler instead of a fire-breathing Hohenzollern picked as their head man. Now the war party was broken and discredited, and they had a real people's government, the Germans would never trouble us or Europe again.

I listened to her voice more than to what she said, having been starved of English girls for the best part of four war years. But when she came to a stop, I agreed. We'd had no trouble. A docile, friendly people, the Germans, out of uniform and away from Prussian officers and sergeants. I'd come in carrying an automatic in a thigh holster for a quick draw, but I'd given that up months ago. The frau in my billet took a personal interest in my comfort. I'd found her with the maid checking my bath temperature with a thermometer.

"They'll soon be scrapping these," I said, tapping P-13's flank, "and I shall have to learn a new trade. No more Hohenzollerns—no more war."



Decoration by J. Nicolson

Very young we were, and sure, unaware that we knew even less—and that's saying much—than our peace-making elders and betters in Paris, London and Washington.

NOW, twenty-five years after, in a Southern England garden, under a blue summer sky athwart which doodle-bugs which have eluded the Channel intercepters sporadically whizz, or bang and vanish in a smoke cloud as the flying guns catch up (it's been good hunting to-day), I am looking over a list of alternatives to Hitler. Tomorrow's Eberts, Schneidermanns and Erzbergers, tomorrow's Stresemanns and Bruenings.

I didn't pick them. They cover suggestions, proposals, guesses, reports, stories, collected over the last year from contacts and talks with anti-Nazi German refugees, allied and neutral diplomats, businessmen and journalists from various European "listening posts," former Berlin correspondents who know their pre-Nazi or Nazi Germany or both, and some more "authoritative" and "knowledgeable sources."

It's an interesting list. It even includes Goering, on the surmise that with Allied encouragement the Reichswehr would turn on the party, Goering playing Talleyrand and buying immunity thereby. A subsequent interview with Talleyrand-Goering, living on his 100,000-acre Karinhall estate, might run somewhat like this :

"Well, we didn't win. But nor"—the rat-trap mouth splitting the brutal face widens in a smile which stays short of the sly, icy little eyes—"did you, quite. We got our negotiated peace. You left us to put our house in order, and we've kept our part of the bargain—Hitler's dead, and we've made a clean sweep of Himmler, the S.S., and all the Gestapo men on your list.

"Since the Allies insist on ripping the Third Reich seams, and splitting us into our former jumble of sovereign States, the Wittelsbachs will reign in Bavaria again, and we shall restore the Prussian monarchy. We haven't decided yet which of Wilhelm II's grandsons to invite back. The British would approve Prince Frederick George. He was a guest in England from 1939 until they shipped him off to a Canadian internment camp in the 1940 round-up after the fall of France. But you remember he was released with 250 other trusties who volunteered to work as pioneers cleaning up bomb debris in London.

"Still, there's that Chopin lover, Prince Louis Ferdinand. He did a four-year stretch in Ford's Detroit factory. Americans like him—when Ambassador Dodds was here for four years with his family his anti-Nazi daughter, Martha, became one of Louis's dearest friends. Stalin might like Louis, too. The fellow's half a Slav—his mother's side—and seems to prefer Russian to German, but American to either.

"And how do they talk about me? No hard feelings,

Hitler--Whom?

The non-Nazis (or lukewarm Nazis) who may try to pull Germany out of the desperate Consequences

By C. Patrick Thompson

I hope. I worked hard to make myself popular with the French during the occupation. I lived in the Ritz until they had the Luxembourg Palace fixed up for me: I paid the French firm who did the refurnishing several million francs for the job. I patronized the Rue Royale dressmakers, dined out in the restaurants and tipped well. As for England, Sir Nevile Henderson is my witness—it's all in his book—that I wanted to be friends, and I worked for peace and cursed that warmongering Ribbentrop. But what could I do? I had to go along with Hitler.

"Henderson enjoyed himself stag-shooting with me. When we've got things fixed here I shall retire into private life. I hope my old English and American friends will accept invitations for shooting parties at Karinhall. Ah, sport is the thing! But I don't think I shall invite any Russians."

FOR more than a year von Rundstedt has been the Reichswehr's shadow alternative to Hitler. The sixty-eight-year-old anti-Nazi field-marshal first shaped in that role when he visited Lisbon on a mysterious mission in 1943. The Russian intelligence heard something, and later *Pravda* ran a story about British envoys listening to German peace overtures. Mr. Eden denied it. The peace-feeler story cropped up again when Hitler dismissed Rundstedt after the Normandy invasion. Some say that the doyen of the Prussian Officers' Corps wanted to emerge with undiminished prestige after a shattering defeat blamed squarely on Hitler; others, that the Reichswehr's master strategist deliberately hampered Rommel in order to speed the Nazi downfall by hastening a military defeat (such things have been done before in history: Pétain and Weygand worked a somewhat similar trick in doomed France).

If certain influential groups of politicians, bankers and businessmen had their way, Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht would be unanimously elected in Hitler's place.

"You can do business with Schacht." "Communism won't invade Europe over the German bridgehead with Schacht to stop it." And so on.

The high-collared finance technician, who learnt his job in Jacob Goldschmidt's Jewish banking house, and went on to be the bankers' Reichstag spokesman, Reichsbank President, and Hitler's last pre-war Economics Minister, won international fame by rebuilding the inflation-ruined mark, and devising the barter system which enabled Germany to rearm while short of gold and foreign exchange. Though he worked for Hitler, he couldn't stomach Nazi economics, made malicious remarks at Berlin parties about Nazi potentates, and, awarded the Nazi "Golden Badge," rebestowed the order on the Reichsbank and placed it in the bank museum instead of on his own chest.

Now sixty-seven, but wearing well despite forty years of hard work and over-smoking, he's been living a retired life on his country estate since 1940, breeding pigs, and allegedly working on the economic blueprint for the post-war Hitlerian empire. If he did start the latter job in 1940, he probably pigeon-holed it after the winter of 1941, and may have used it to light one of his long cigars now.

ANTI-SCHACHTIANS prefer Erwin Bumke, since 1929 President of the Reichsgericht in Leipzig (or what's left of it). By two precedents, one of Ebert's death in 1925 before expiry of his second presidential term, and the other when Hindenburg fell ill in 1932, the hierarchical head of the seventy judges of Germany's Supreme Court fills the gap, as Reichstag-decreed Acting President, between the premature departure of one Chief of State and the election of the next.

Aloof and stubborn, one of the few eminent personages of Hohenzollern Germany to retain his post without embracing Nazism, Bumke has been one of Hitler's headaches through his refusal to co-operate. The Nazis have bypassed his court by the stratagem of civil courts-martial miscalled People's Courts.

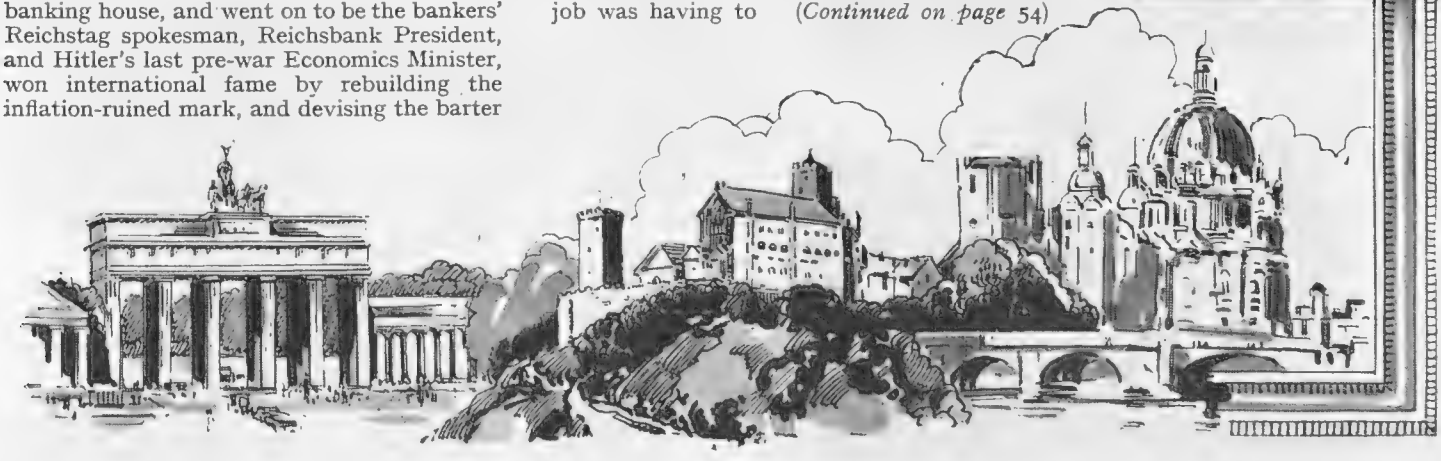
A doctor's son, he was an artillery officer in World War I. His brother, Oswald, is a leading psychiatrist. It would be interesting to sit in at a private talk between the Bumke brothers on the subject of Hitler's psyche.

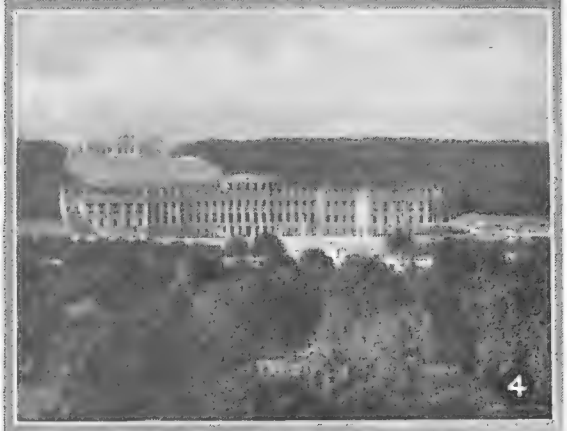
Otto Meissner has his advocates. He's the ambitious and agile functionary who has managed to serve as Secretary of State first Socialist President Ebert, next Army President Hindenburg, and finally Fuehrer Hitler. A blocky, red-faced, pompous fellow, the official channel through whom foreign diplomats passed requests to see the head man, it was said around the pre-war Berlin embassies that the toughest part of an ambassador's wife's job was having to (*Continued on page* 54)

Erwin Bumke

Otto Meissner

Heinrich Bruening





Five Views of Vienna

1. *A floodlit view of the Town Hall, Vienna.*
2. *The famous Schwarzerberg Square.*
3. *The Opera House.*
4. *The Castle of Schönbrunn.*
5. *Vienna University, and in the foreground the Liebenberg Monument.*

Appointment In Vienna

By Negley Farson

VIENNA is a city that makes you forgive many things of the Austrians. The mere sound of its name arouses emotions of romance, good music, good talk, good food, in fact of all the fine arts of a cultured life. Vienna is a receptacle for the culture of Europe. And so soft and mellow are the associations that we connect with the name Vienna that even that incredible act of the little Dollfuss—when he gave the fatal order to murder the socialists in the Karl Marx House—never aroused the terror, or forebodings, that, had it been committed in any other city, it would incontestably have given to the outside world. For that act was actually the death rattle of the old Austria—and of the old Europe. It was a foreordained death.

What on earth the world's statesmen thought they were doing at Paris in 1919, when they made an economic impossibility out of the truncated Austria, is a riddle that even posterity may well blanch to face. It seems incredible that any adult male, in his right senses, could have deliberately drawn up the Treaty of St. Germain. They made a tadpole nation out of Austria; Vienna—all head—and no tail. Vienna, centre of all the railway systems of Eastern and South Eastern Europe, had these lines clipped off by new frontiers—just as you would lop off the arms of an octopus. Eighty per cent of Austria's former industry was handed over to the new state of Czecho-Slovakia. And yet—they expected Austria to live.

Some 2,000,000 of Austria's 7,000,000 inhabitants lived in Vienna. Vienna promptly began to starve. The Austrian Reparation Commission, appointed by the victorious Allies, therefore immediately had to turn itself into a relief organization. Next, and inevitable step, two huge international loans had to be floated, by the Allies, to keep even the semblance of life in Austria's mutilated body. No grimmer indictment of European statesmanship could possibly have been devised.

AUSTRIA—what to do with Austria? This may be a problem which does not happen to stand out in the foreground at the moment. That does not detract from its magnitude, which, it will come to be seen, will prove the greatest riddle of post-war Europe. And when I write of Austria now, I am really thinking about Vienna, for the tail of this national tadpole is too small to count. You cannot pour 2,000,000 people down the drain, like a test-tube full of microbes. And besides, as I have already stated, Vienna is a container—perhaps the only one, aside from Rome—of all those varied ingredients, arts and ways of thinking and of life, that we speak of loosely as "the culture of Europe."

Proof of this, if you want it, is the nostalgic melancholy which seems to overcome every B.B.C. commentator at the mere mention of the word Vienna. Such tones are accorded no other city. As it happens, I fell in love with Vienna the first day I set foot in it, in the tragic summer of 1925; and when I hear those haunting songs on the radio, or hear a political commentator talking about Austria, I am relieved that even after four years of war you still hear never a trace of anger, but only regret, in the British voice. That is as it should be; you must not let yourself get angry with a city, just because of the mad actions of some of its recent inhabitants. And if you happened to be an eye-witness of the death agonies of that haunting city, you will always feel a compassion for Vienna. The grotesque clerical-fascism which seized power under Dollfuss in 1934 did, it is true, crush the workers. Full realization of how this was done, the awful *mechanics* of it all, still has not penetrated into the British or American mind. And it is perhaps fitting irony (probably the fate that lies inherent in history or a man's destiny) that Dollfuss himself should have been killed (by the Nazis) in a workers' uprising which rose in defence of the republican constitution of Austria. (*Continued on page* 68)

The Terrible McTurk

An Episode From The Battle of Britain

By Dudley Leslie

IF you saw the pretty little aerodrome nowadays with its triumphant Spitfires ticking over gently against a background of Kentish apple orchards, you'd find it hard to realize that in 1940 the whole field—and England herself—was being slowly pounded to death. It was a near thing all right, and when you look back you realize it was only faith that pulled us through. This is a story of a part of that faith—a very small part, as it happens—and how it came to one man who lacked it.

It began on one of those breathless September days when the world we had known so well, and loved a little, was disintegrating in dust and screams before the hammer of the mighty Luftwaffe. High above that Kentish field a Hurricane was crawling across the sky, as silent as a glider, and almost motionless but for its trail of white smoke.

Two officers in grease-spotted blue uniform were craning their necks against the back of their collars.

"One of 'em's returning."

"Hallows as usual, I suppose?"

"You bet."

"Useless blighter!"

The plane grew larger and noisier and spluttered down to a silly landing on the runway.

"There's nothing much wrong with the young man's skill," mused Squadron Leader Diggles, "it's his heart that needs refitting."

"'Fraid so," agreed Rawson.

The pilot slid back his cowl. Riggers and armourers jostled round his plane. The pilot pointed towards the engine. He looked fed up.

A short stubby figure elbowed his way through the crowd and came towards the two officers. It was Sandy MacWade; his wide Scots face, shaggy as a Highland bull, was a mixture of annoyance and bewilderment.

"He says it's the transmission now, sir—but there's nothing wrong with it, sir, it's purrfuct, sir! Tested it myself——"

"If the pilot says the transmission's wrong, the transmission's wrong," said Diggles sternly. "Overhaul the engine properly this time, I don't want any more breakdowns."

"In my opinion——" began Sandy.

"We don't want your opinion—get on with the job."

Sandy MacWade saluted and waddled off, shaking his head.

"We mustn't let Sandy know he's right," commented Diggles, "it wouldn't do to have the mechanics tell us we've got better planes than we can fly."

"About time we saw the wingco about Hallows," said Rawson.

The other nodded. "Um—nasty sort of job though, isn't it?"

The wingco was seated among his phones and his flickering needle lights, as mild and autumnal as a country parson preparing his sermon.

"This fellow Hallows'll have to go," began Diggles abruptly. "We've given him every chance—he's no good here."

The wingco went placidly on with his work without looking up. In front of him were little slips of painted material. They represented planes—his planes, other squadrons' planes, the enemy's planes. He knew already that one of his planes had returned without making contact with the enemy. He didn't speak, he just looked at the coloured disks.

"Well, sir——" Rawson coughed.

"Well what?"

"This fellow Hallows, sir," put in Diggles. "Bad show, he'd probably do better in some other squadron—anyway, *we* don't want him."

The wingco didn't answer.

Diggles shifted on one foot and Rawson started drumming with his fingers. The wingco always had the same effect on them, his stillness made them fidget.

Then, slowly, and with deliberation, he looked up. "If I were a young man I'd hate to be in this squadron," he said. "In fact, I'd probably feel even worse than Hallows and hurry home earlier for tea."

Diggles felt himself going red; it was the sort of fool argument he had no use for in the middle of a bloodthirsty war.

"But good God, sir!" Rawson blurted out. "This squadron's got the finest record in the service; any fellow who gets posted here ought to damn well feel honoured."

"I wonder if feeling honoured helps much in actual combat?"

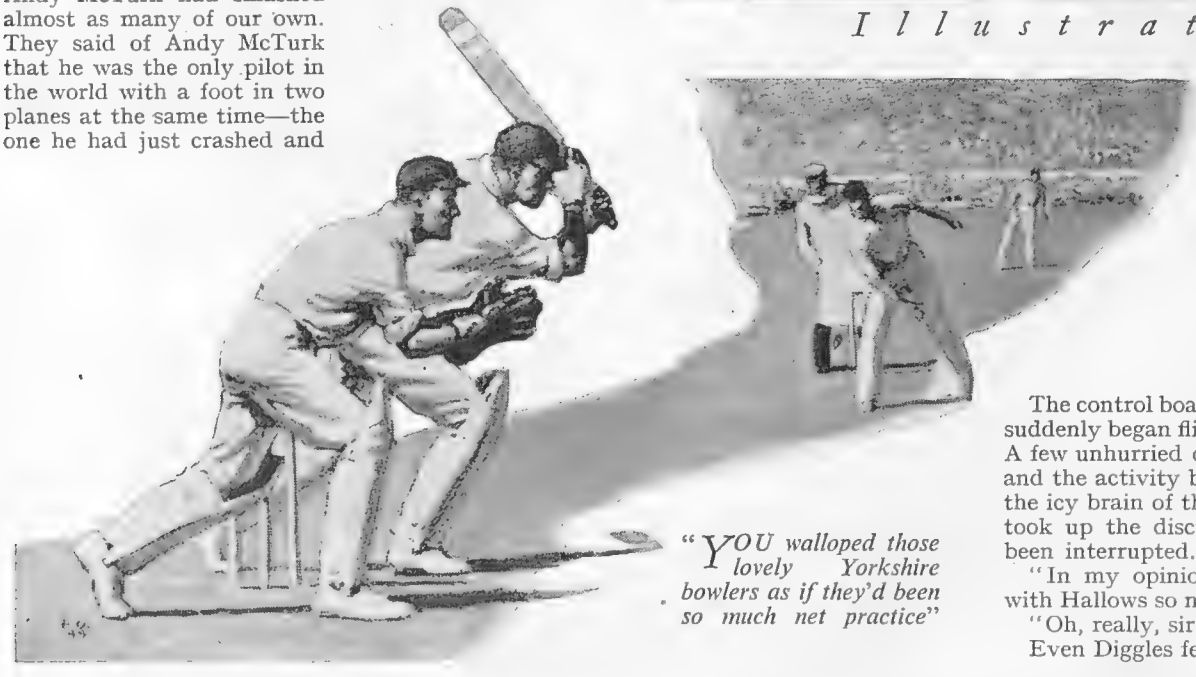
"This squadron's turned out more aces than any other in the world," cut in Diggles. "Why, if men like Billy Warning aren't an institution, then nothing ever will be."

A slight trace of a smile came into the wingco's face; it was one of those disconcerting little smiles that started with his eyes and reached his nose, but had somehow got discouraged from going further.

"People in this squadron are apt to forget that Billy Warning is not the only celebrity we've turned out—what about the Terrible McTurk?"

Much against his will Diggles found himself grinning, for Andy McTurk was an even bigger legend in the squadron than the great Billy Warning. But whereas Billy Warning had brought down more enemy planes than any one else in 1914-18, Andy McTurk had smashed almost as many of our own. They said of Andy McTurk that he was the only pilot in the world with a foot in two planes at the same time—the one he had just crashed and the new one he was stepping into.

Illustrations by



"YOU walloped those lovely Yorkshire bowlers as if they'd been so much net practice"

"At least old McTurk had guts," grated Rawson. "Nobody denied him that."

"Is that a hint that—er—Hallows—er—hasn't?"

Rawson shifted uncomfortably. He was beginning to hate this interview. "Well——"

The control board in front of the wingco suddenly began flickering with urgent life. A few unhurried orders down the phone, and the activity burned itself out against the icy brain of the grey-haired man. He took up the discussion as if it had not been interrupted.

"In my opinion the fault doesn't lie with Hallows so much as with the 301st."

"Oh, really, sir!" cried Rawson.

Even Diggles felt the wingco was going

Edward Osmond

"PERSONALLY, I always had a warm feeling for McTurk. I think he was one of the finest triers the squadron's ever seen"

too far. "The men here have given him every possible chance," he protested. "They've showered advice on him—spent their time off explaining—given him everything they've ever learned."

"Except confidence," snapped the wingco. "Pity they forgot that, wasn't it?" He stroked his mouth and then said: "All right—send Hallows in—er—better wait till this evening, that is, after I've settled these other boys." He nodded towards the flashing lights and the childlike colours of the shiny slips stretched over the board like a blood-soaked game of ludo.

Hallows was greyish about the cheekbones when he was shown into the wingco's quarters that night.

There were no lights in the room, only a yellow flicker from the September fire and the smell of burning logs. Hallows was grateful for the darkness.

The wingco was sprawled in a deep armchair relaxing from the fight that would begin again at dawn.

"Sit down, Hallows—sit down—there's whisky over there, help yourself."

Hallows poured out a stiff one, to brace himself for the blows to come. He wasn't fooled by this informal atmosphere. He knew the old man, the sort that sent men to their death with a gentle, wistful smile like an aged gardener lopping stems off his favourite vine. He hadn't much use for the type, he preferred the bluster of Rawson.

But the wingco didn't start that way at all—he began in his slow dreamy manner to talk about Greek drama, and from that basis ambled clumsily around to the clarity of Grecian art in general.

Easing me in slowly, thought Hallows. He gulped his whisky and listened with only half an ear, cynically waiting for the talk to veer into the dreadful balling out he knew was coming. He found himself watching for some apt text on which the wingco would pin his sermon, or perhaps even, his ultimate dismissal from the service. But the wingco seemed singularly unable to find a text on which to pin anything. His voice continued on its shuffling ramble from Plato to Epictetus, through the giants to the lesser men.

The troubled mind of the youth began to wander. Perhaps it was the whisky that burned slowly into his stomach, or perhaps it was just the fire. He forgot he was in a flickering autumn room, and he began to lose that awful feeling of being alone. He was on a road in June, one of those dusty golden roads that fill your teeth with grit. The sun was tingling on his neck, and he gulped down great breaths of air that smelt of hay. It was the world he knew before the slaughter intervened, and he felt almost happy. The war, the freezing air, fear, and loneliness and horror, all those present masters of his mind which jostled his waking and his dreaming moments, became dim. He felt tingling and fervent again.

Suddenly the wingco looked at his watch.

"Half past ten, bejove, time I turned in."

Hallows rose to his feet.

"Good Lord, I've clean forgotten what I asked you here for!" The wingco wrinkled his forehead. "What on earth was it now? Oh, I know."

Here it comes, thought Hallows, but somehow he didn't mind so much.

"Now, if there's one thing I hate," began the wingco, cheerily, "it's these blokes who treat a beastly thing like war as a game of cricket. It's an insult to cricket and I'm very fond of cricket—by the way, you played for the Gentlemen, didn't you, Hallows?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Then perhaps you've noticed it too."

"Noticed what, sir?"

"That whenever we've had a particularly disastrous setback, the generals and the leader-writers start talking about it as if it were a cricket match."

"Can't say I have, sir."

"Then you don't read the papers, because it's a sure sign that we're doing so badly they can't think of (*Continued on page* 60)

The Spanish Armada in the Straits of Dover. The gales wrought much havoc among the plunging, unwieldy, battle-torn sea-castles of Spain

⟹→

WAR And The Weather

—Throughout The Centuries

By C. Fox Smith

A LITTLE less than nine centuries ago, that part of Normandy which lies about the mouths of the Rivers Orne and Dive—names so familiar on the lips of most of us during these last few months—were abuzz with warlike preparations. Pennons fluttered, arms glittered, steeds neighed ha-ha to the trumpets, squires burnished their masters' mail, jongleurs and minstrels engaged in the medieval counterpart of modern propaganda, while the flat-bottomed boats, the "ducks" of their day, waited to embark, not indeed tanks, but the hairy-heeled destriers of the Norman chivalry. And all the while Duke William fumed and fretted, and knitted his tawny brows, and muttered his favourite expletive of "Splendeur Dex," and bade the monks of Bayeux pray their best for a fair wind.

The Spanish Armada sailing for England. Reproduced from an engraving by J. Pine of a tapestry hanging in the old House of Lords, destroyed by fire in 1834

⟹→

From the middle of August the wind blew steadily from the nor'-east, and kept Duke William's fleet, which knew not the art of working to windward, imprisoned in harbour. It was not until the equinox that it changed, and with a freshening wind from the south-west the Norman armada put exultingly to sea. But the exultation was short-lived. Very soon it blew a gale from the westward, and harried the heavy-laden and clumsy craft along the coast towards St.-Valery-en-Caux, where such as were not driven ashore and wrecked sought shelter and the opportunity to refit for sea. There at long last the wind shifted to the south—and the rest we know.

The Battle of Trafalgar. For some forty minutes the fate of the great battle hung upon a breath of wind. Had the wind failed and the fleet lost steerage way, or, worse still, had it been taken aback from the eastward, nothing could have saved the headmost ships from capture or destruction

SOMEONE has described history as a chronicle of might-have-beens. And it may well be that, if the nor'-easter had not kept Duke William's army of invasion in port, the whole course of English, even of world, history might have been altered. For if the Normans had been able to sail as they intended in the middle of August, the battle which was to decide the fate of the English crown would have been fought before, and not after, that of Stamford Brigg, where Harold's army defeated Harald Hardrade of Norway and English Harold's own traitor brother Tostig. Stamford Brigg was fought on September 25; on the 29th the Normans landed at Pevensey. And in a country practically without roads, and largely covered with forest and marshland, it was impossible for Harold's victorious army to cover the distance from Lincolnshire to Sussex in time to face the new peril to the Saxon realm.

Thus, but for the north-easter which William himself cursed the deepest, there might have been no Battle of Hastings—for, as a later commander said of a greater battle still, it was "a damn near thing"—and no Norman Conquest.

Turn the page, and glance once more at the important part played by wind and weather in the destruction of the Armada of Spain. Seamanship, indeed, had still (*Continued on page* 53)

Old Tales Re-told

An Eastern Romance—Noor Jehan, Empress of The Mogul Empire of India

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

CHAJA AIASS had fought tooth and nail so that his marriage to a girl of humble station would be accepted by his parents, but the nobility of this old Tartar family considered that love was a minor factor weighed against the observance of tradition, and the fact that unfortunate circumstances had reduced their financial position to something very near poverty, did not prevent them from considering themselves disgraced by that marriage, and in consequence they excluded the romantic couple entirely from their circle.

So Chaja Aiass and his young wife decided to leave Tartary, with all its moth-eaten conservatism, and go to Hindustan where, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the great Emperor Akbar was rejuvenating that country with laws that offered to everyone the opportunity of work, advancement and a happier life.

Chaja Aiass had started on his long journey with but scanty means and an old horse to carry his wife and his baggage. He did all he could for her comfort, for she was an expectant mother, and he hoped to reach Lahore in time for the happy event. He had, however, underestimated the difficulty of crossing the mountains and the deserted territories for over three hundred miles with a woman in a delicate state of health and a horse that could be compared only with the famous Ronzinate of Don Quixote. Through untold difficulties he succeeded in completing two-thirds of the journey, when his last coin was spent to buy some goat's milk for his wife. Occasionally they encountered other travellers, and succeeded in obtaining some help, but as they proceeded, the country became more and more deserted, and not a living soul passed their way for days, so that finally they were reduced to absolute starvation. The horse could still go on, for he found grass and leaves; if they killed the animal, they would then lose the only means of conveyance they had whereby to reach some inhabited place. To crown their misery, the young woman was seized by the pains of labour.

It was under these tragic conditions that a baby girl was born, and she, like her parents, was faced with, what at the time appeared to be, inevitable destruction. All the natural resources of youth and strength had been exhausted, and the breasts of the starved young mother refused to perform their maternal task. The pathetic party tried to proceed with their journey, but the struggle against the growing weakness proved too severe. Chaja Aiass tied the mother and baby fast to the horse, and went on a little further, hoping against hope that he might kill an animal to provide a meal, or to catch a bird, but the only animals who made themselves heard, were those that could make a meal of them, and the only birds were the vultures hovering over them, ready to plunge on their carcasses as soon as starvation had overpowered the miserable group.

Greatly against their natural feelings the distracted parents decided to abandon the baby to its fate. The poor little thing had already ceased crying since two days, so, gently they laid her on the ground, covering her with some dry leaves, and left her. The moral torment produced by this action, however, was more than they could bear; if they had to die, well, let it be together! So Chaja Aiass left his wife to find his way back to the place where he had left the child. On reaching the spot, he shrank back with horror, a huge snake, apparently asleep, had coiled itself round the little girl. As he unsheathed his knife to fight the reptile, it slid away and disappeared. Overjoyed on finding the baby still alive and unhurt, he carried the infant

These two poor travellers and the old horse were bringing to the capital a baby girl wrapped in old rags, the future Empress of the Mogul Empire of India

to his wife, and told her of its miraculous escape. The mother was overwhelmed with joy, and only then fully realised the state of madness they had reached.

That very day there appeared on the horizon a caravan which, luckily, was bound for the same destination, and the travellers generously offered food and help for the rest of the journey.

As they recovered, their past experiences seemed only like a bad dream, and it was full of rosy hopes that they at last entered the busy street of Lahore. Who would have guessed that these two poor travellers and the old horse were bringing to the capital, wrapped in old rags, the future Empress of the Mogul Empire of India ?

CHAJA AIASS was a very capable man, and it did not take him long to make good use of his brilliant qualities. A stroke of luck enabled him to render some valuable services to the Emperor Akbar. This sagacious monarch had a very keen eye for discovering the individual possibilities of his subjects, and he foresaw a brilliant career for the clever Tartar who, in time, he raised to the lofty position of Treasurer of the Empire.

Meanwhile the little daughter grew up, receiving the most accomplished education, and no care was spared to impart to her intellect those qualities and that refined taste which added to the fascination of her natural beauty. In fact, she was so beautiful that she had been named Mher-ul-Nissa (the Sun of Women). One historian in his narrative describes her with the following words : " In vivacity, wit, spirit, and all those elegant attainments in which women especially excel, she was equalled by few and surpassed by none. In masculine vigour of understanding she stood alone and unapproached."

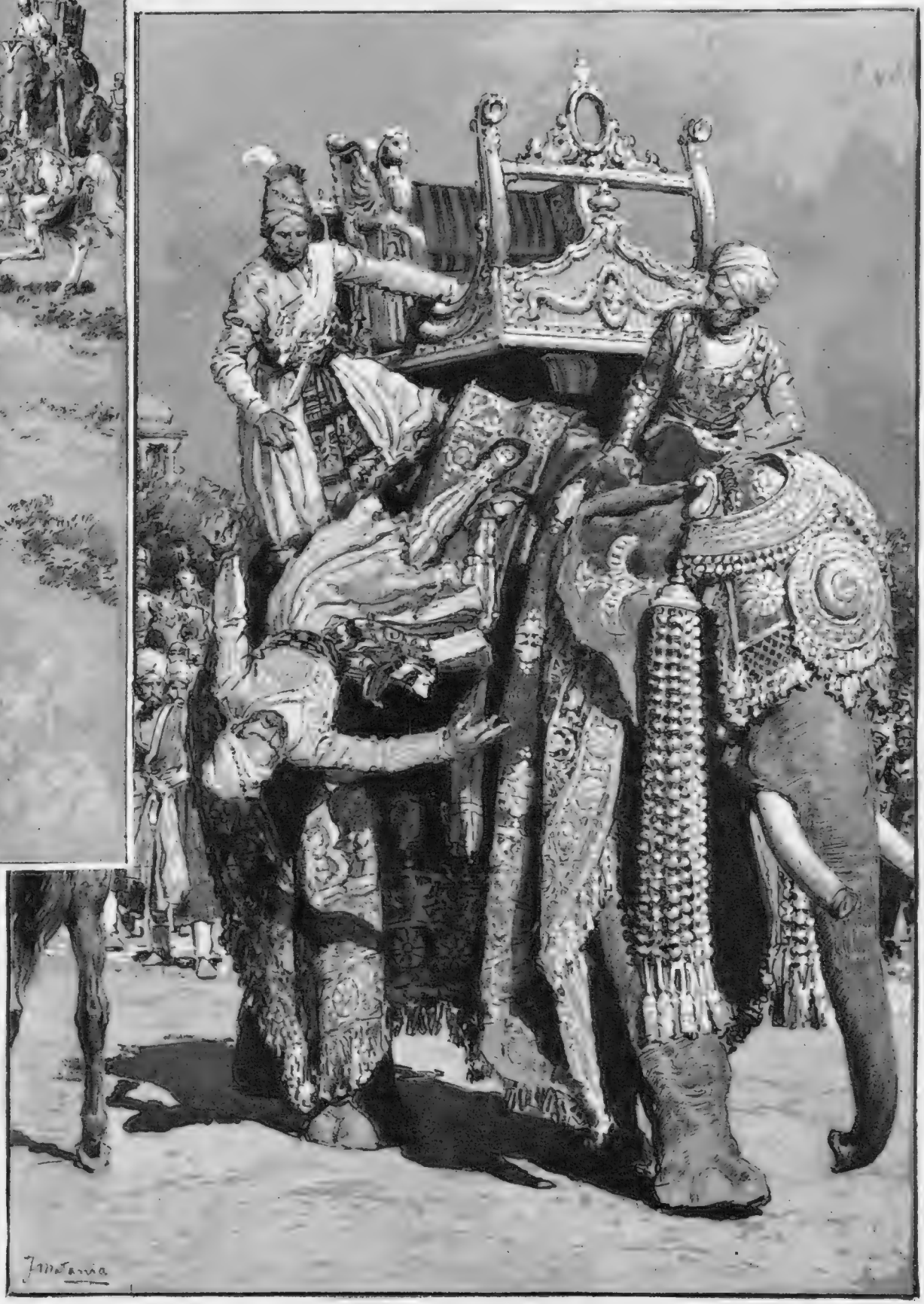
Many there were who fell in love with the charming daughter of the Treasurer, but she had already given her heart to Shere Afkun, a noble Turkoman and intrepid warrior, and one of the handsomest men who frequented the court of Akbar.

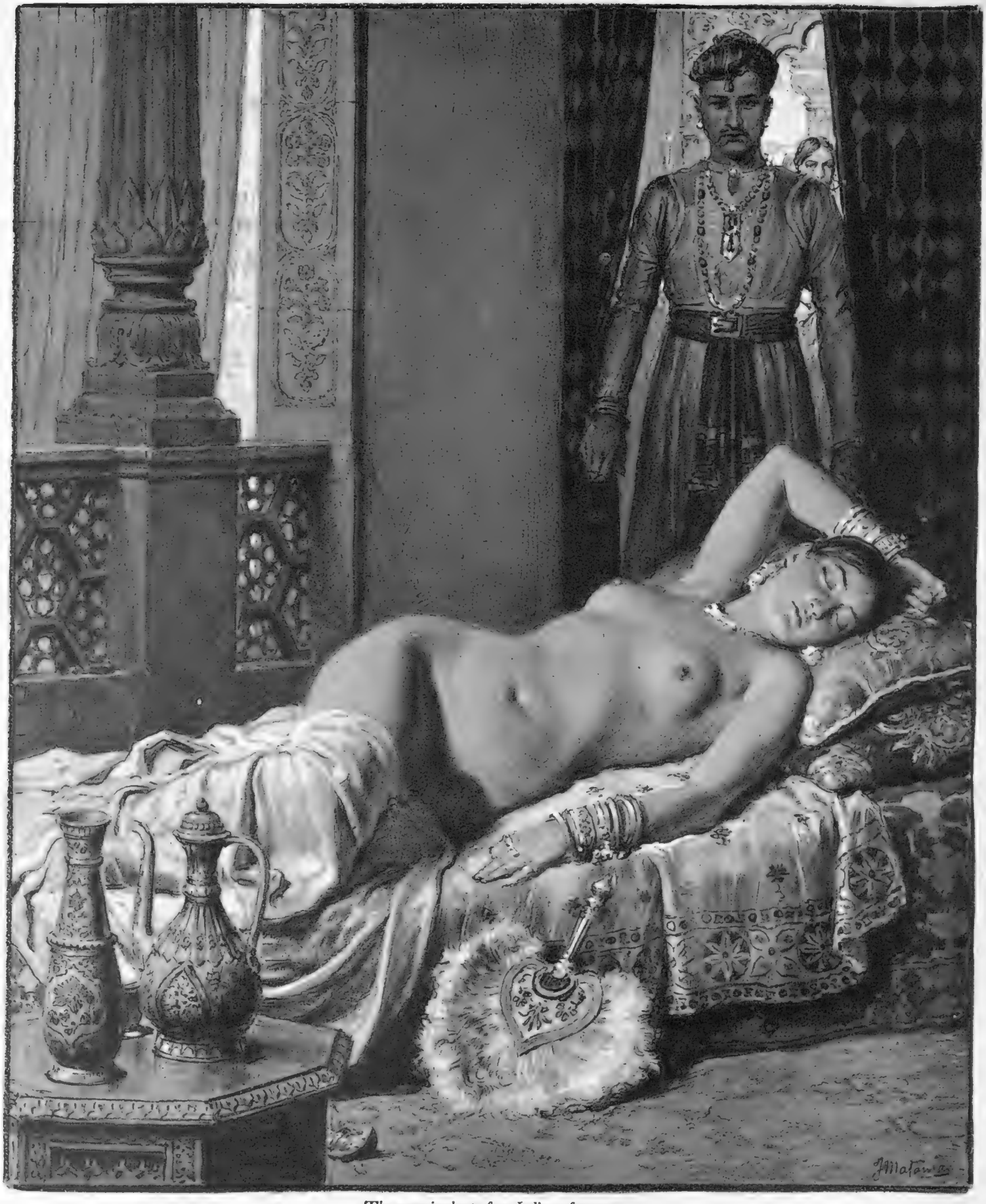
Trouble began when the young Selim, prince and heir to the throne, fell head over heels in love with the irresistible Mher-ul-Nissa. The fact that she was already promised to another only inflamed him the more, and he asked his father to order the annulment of the engagement and to give his consent for him to marry her, but this bold request met with a stern and definite refusal. This blow was followed by another still heavier, the actual marriage, which only tended to increase his moral torture.

From then on he took no further care to disguise his feelings nor the intense hatred that he had conceived for his fortunate rival. At court the position was untenable, and in order to avoid trouble, Shere Afkun left Lahore, and, with his beloved Mher-ul-Nissa, retired into the province of Bengal, where the Governor made him Vicegerent of Burdwan. There they lived a very happy life until, in 1605, the Emperor Akbar died, and Selim ascended the throne under the name of Jehangire, so from that moment Shere Afkun had to accept orders from the new Emperor. Not very long after the latter's accession he ventured a reconciliation, but Afkun was wise enough to parry the unwelcome attempt. The Emperor insisted, however, eulogising Afkun's bravery, his prodigious strength and his unrivalled statesmanship, expressing again the desire of establishing better and closer relations with such a valiant leader, but Afkun saw through the wily Jehangire which made him all the more determined to preserve intact those treasures that he was living for, his wife and his reputation. Equally determined was Jehangire, to bring the lovely wife of the Vicegerent back to court, and after a period of intensified pressure, Shere Afkun had to obey.

Shere Afkun thrust his right hand and forearm into the mouth of the tiger as far as it would go, blocking the windpipe

(On right) Shere Afkun rushed his horse towards the richly caparisoned elephant, dragged the Governor down and killed him outright, then faced the rest of his antagonists





The excessive heat of an Indian afternoon and the solitude had made her discard the flimsy muslin garment she had been wearing. A sweet and peaceful sleep had overtaken her when, noiselessly, the curtains behind her were drawn apart

The cordiality with which he was received by the Emperor did not deceive him, and he hoped that his own alertness and personal prestige would help him to keep at bay any menace to his happiness.

His numerous acts of valour had gained for him the reputation of a legendary hero, inspiring admiration, respect and above all, fear. Everyone knew that he had single-handed slain a lion, hence the cognomen of Shere Afkun, for his original name was Asta Jillo, and that in battle he was a fearless warrior.

Amongst the honours paid him during his visit to the court, Jehangire ordered a tiger hunt. On the appointed day the Emperor, followed by a large number of omrahs and nobles together with Shere Afkun, rode to the spot where some tigers had previously been driven. Afkun, as the guest of honour, expected the formal invitation from the Emperor to strike first, but Jehangire addressed all present, asking who would come forward to meet the selected tiger. This act of disregard (*Continued on p. 53*)

Legend And Romance Of Some Northern Roads

By G. Bernard Wood

Wade's Causeway, which shoots over the moors to the north of Pickering. It is part of a road which links up with the Roman camp at Cawthorne

EVER since tracks were first trodden into the chalk or clay of England there has been a spell upon the land. Here and there the spell might have lost its power, through man's forgetfulness and his growing preoccupation with mundane affairs of city and borough. But the countryman remembers; the roads he knows are still roads that have a thousand tales to tell.

Roman roads we have in plenty in the north, the most interesting example being that wonderful track on Blackstone Edge, where chariot-wheel marks are still visible, along with a deep trough running down the centre; this, it is thought, was worn out by the pole-brakes which the Romans used to check their speed over our steep northern hills. Another fine Roman road, Ermine Street, turns in at Lincoln, where it is even now spanned by the original Newport Arch, the northern gateway of the Roman Lindi Colonia.

Yes, Cæsar's legions gave us some splendid roads, but it was the Saxons who invested them with legend. Unable to think of such mighty roads as the work of mere man, they gave the credit to mythical giants or even to the Devil himself. Take Wade's Causeway, which shoots over the moors to the north of Pickering. Actually it is part of a road which links up with the Roman camp at Cawthorne, but for centuries after Cæsar withdrew his legions from Britain it was attributed to Giant Wade, or Wadda, who built it—soberly declared the legend-makers—so that when going on to the moors to milk their cow his wife would not get her feet wet.

Nearby, Old Wife's Way testifies to the pursuit of a witch by the Devil. They had quarrelled and in his rage the Evil One flung a huge spadeful of earth at her. She fled along this curious little track, and to-day the Hole of Horcum—an immense chasm formed by the scooping out of that missile—is one's best guide to the sinister spot.

(On right) The Roman road on Blackstone Edge. The most interesting example in the north

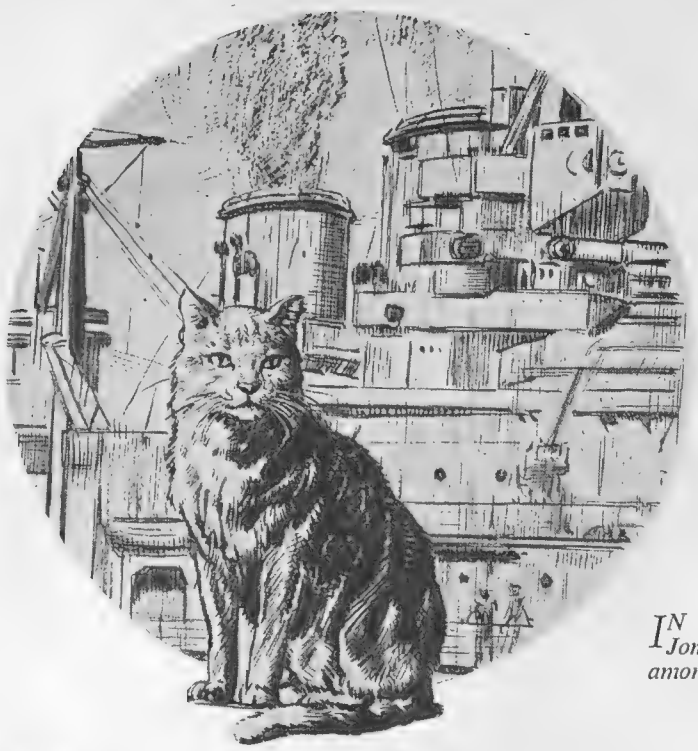
The Saxons were great story-tellers, therefore, but it was in comparatively modern times that a remarkable byway in North Wales was made even more alluring by being credited (mistakenly, it seems) to the Romans. The track consists of successive sets of steps, cut in stone, that reach far into the mountains above Harlech and Llanbedr. Now generally known as the Roman Steps, the track has been associated with many kinds of mysterious traffic, even with slave transport (which certainly applies to High Street, a genuine Roman highway in the Lake District), and the conveyance of gold from the mines of Merionethshire. But the road leading to this remote region, up the Artro Valley, has its own "atmosphere." Overlooking its upper reaches is Craig-y-Saeth, or "the rock of the arrow," a name derived from the old sport of shooting the deer that were purposely driven through the beautiful ravine.

TO the wayfarer few tracks have greater appeal than the old "drove roads" or "green roads," that wander over the hills with sublime disdain for anything so upstart as a modern town. It is such a road that meanders over the Black Hambleton Hills, in North Yorkshire, passing on its way—far above the red-tiled roofs of Osmotherley—Chequers Inn. Over 300 years old, this inn gives a clue to the history of the road. With a chessboard (*Continued on page* 65)

Northumberland's Pilgrim Way. The track from the mainland at Beal to Lindisfarne. The posts mark the track when covered by the tide

A stretch of the lonely road over Buttertubs Pass, connecting Swaledale and Wensleydale, North Yorkshire

The Cat Of



IN order of seniority Jonesey ranked first among that feline tribe

WHEN the loudspeakers barked: "Abandon ship! God be with you, men," Joe Litchfield slid down the side of the mortally wounded ship with a thousand other men. He was not exactly scared. Not yet, at least. He only had a queer, sinking sensation in his stomach at seeing the side of the ship heave up before him until the red lead of her keel plates showed and her side was almost as level as the deck had been before.

In his deep astonishment he failed to watch his footing and stepped squarely into a shattered side port. Only then fear pounced upon him. His leg was caught as in a steel vice. He would go down with the heaving colossus beneath him to the bottom of the China Sea! He wrenched himself free, unheeding the deep gashes that the shattered glass of the port made in his leg.

The next moment he tumbled into the sea and got his mouth and lungs full of the soapy mixture of sea water and fuel oil. Some unseen force seemed to suck him down into the depth. He struck out frantically and bobbed to the surface again, buoyed up by his own wild splashing and the air in his lifebelt. He saw others strike out and began to swim too, not knowing whence or why.

"Keep going, boys!" Twenty feet away a lieutenant with a nasty gash across his face was treading water. "Keep going. There are the destroyers." The officer motioned vaguely and was suddenly gone from sight.

Joe Litchfield didn't see any of the destroyers that had accompanied the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* on that fateful sortie into the China Sea. What he saw instead was an aeroplane with the hated red balls of the Nipponese sun painted on its wings. It was diving for the the men struggling in the water.

"Watch out!" someone yelled. "That unspeakable son is cutting loose with his guns."

Joe Litchfield noticed some queer little waterspouts near him. Suddenly an immense weight was tugging at his legs. Not until very much later did he understand that he had been caught in the vortex of the dying ship as it dived to the bottom.

Somehow he came up again, spluttering. His lungs ached as if his ribs had caved in. Tears of exhaustion were biting his eyes. His battle bowler had slipped down into his neck, and its chin strap was choking the breath out of him. He was afraid to loosen it. He needed his arms for swimming. For by now he was all alone on the wide expanse of the unruffled sea.

The tide current had swept away the others. There was only one man nearby, and he was floating face downward. Joe Litchfield began to swim again towards the distant smoke clouds of the destroyers. Now and then he rested to take another look. Each time the destroyers seemed to be farther and farther away. He kept moving his arms and legs mechanically. After a while he just drifted, a lonely piece of human jetsam under the blue, unrelenting sky of the China Sea summer afternoon.

He regained consciousness when he bumped into the raft. It was none of the new Carley floats the *Repulse* had carried, but just an old-fashioned contraption, consisting simply of three steel drums full of compressed air, surmounted by a platform of wooden slats. It must have been thrown overboard by one of the destroyers. Maybe the men who had been on it had already been picked up. Maybe they had never reached the raft. There was no living soul on it when Joe Litchfield hoisted himself up on it. That is, no human soul. But on the far end crouched a bedraggled cat.

In that grimy, ridiculously skinny bag of bones and fur Joe Litchfield would have never been able to recognize Jonesey, that sleek, well-fed tiger tom of the *Repulse's* second division's mess. But with Jonesey recognition was instantaneous. He arched his back and spat venomously at the sailor.

Joe Litchfield stared at the cat. "Gor blimey," he murmured, "hof hall the blasted things to meet hup wit' hin the middle hof the flymin' hocean."

He slumped down. His leg felt stiff and heavy. Now he had left the water it began to hurt again. He examined the ugly, serrated edge of the wound. "Cut right down to the bone," he

Illustrations

BUT with Jonesey recognition was instantaneous. He arched his back and spat venomously at the sailor

The Repulse

A Story of Feline Sagacity and Human Endurance After Singapore

By Richard A. Shafter

THE claws of the cat dug deeper into his shoulder. Briefly he thought how pleasant it would be to give up the struggle and let himself sink

mused. He should bandage it in some fashion. But he was too tired. Little waves were playing beneath the slats of the raft with an exquisitely soothing sound. Joe Litchfield fell asleep.

THERE were nine cats on the *Repulse* when she went down, her sides ripped open by the aerial torpedoes of Jap bombers. In order of seniority Jonesey ranked first among that feline tribe. He had been a well-established member of the *Repulse*'s crew long before a young one-striper brought Janet on board, the female tortoise-shell that eventually became the mother of five of the others. In fact, had Jonesey worn a regulation jumper instead of his grey, striped fur coat, his sleeve would have shown senior rating by the time Joe Litchfield together with half a hundred other replacements joined the *Repulse*.

It had been hate at first sight between the two of them. When Joe, dunnage bag on his shoulder, tried to squeeze through the narrow bulkhead door into the second division's mess, he had inadvertently stepped on Jonesey's tail. Perhaps he really had not seen the cat, crouched as he was in front of his favourite rathole just inside the door. Jonesey had taken it as a personal insult. He spat at the irreverential newcomer and slashed at him with his sharp-clawed paw. Joe Litchfield let out a howl of rage and pain and gave the cat a kick that sent him sprawling.

"I hates cats," he informed the mess, uprolling his bell-bottom trousers to have a look at the damage done to his calf. "I'll get the narsty brute for hit, I shall."

"Oh no, you won't," said Griffiths, the Welsh gunner, who was the senior of the mess.

"Won't I naow? You just watch me."

"We will, don't worry. If anything happens to that cat, we shall know who done it."

by S. Tresilian

"Wot 'ave yer got hegynst the poor hennimal henny'ow?" another Cockney joined the argument. "A cat 'as 'is rights, too."

"Me, I hates cats," Joe stated emphatically.

"But we likes 'im, see?" The other Cockney had looked with open dislike at Joe.

The sun was almost down when Joe Litchfield opened his eyes again. Jonesey was still sitting at the other end of the raft, busy licking his fur clean of the oil scum that had stuck to him while he swam to safety. The cat's primping paw stopped in mid-air as Joe Litchfield moved. His large, green eyes became thin slits of suspicion.

"Wot yer starin' hat, you blarsted begger, eh?" Joe Litchfield challenged. "Hafryde I might shove yer hover the side for hall the trouble you 'ave myde fer me, are yer?"

Joe became suddenly conscious that the cat was sitting higher than he. The raft was on a slant that was not entirely caused by the man's greater weight.

ONE of the Malay fishermen noticed Joe's eyes flutter and smiled down on him. He shouted as people do when they want to make a stranger understand. "Cat — him smart. He call us from camp. We follow him—find you"

Joe found that one of the air drums had been punctured by machine-gun fire and was now half-filled with water. He scanned the horizon. There was nothing at all in sight except a faint smoke cloud directly in front of the setting sun. He watched the cloud for a few moments. No telling in what direction the ship was going. Even if it came this way, there was small chance that it might sight him during the night. And he himself would probably never see it. Friend or foe, it would carry no lights in these waters.

He had to keep his crazy craft from losing any more of its buoyancy. Luckily the holes were in the top of the drum. Joe tore strips from his trouser leg that had been cut to ribbons when he stepped into the porthole. He rolled the strips into tight little wads and forced them into the ragged bullet holes. At least they would keep out the splash of a wave.

"You 'n me got to chynge places, mister," he said to Jonesey. Slowly, dragging his leg behind him, he crawled across the ten feet length of the raft.

"Awr, shet hoff yer blarsted whistle," he growled as Jonesey, his back hunched in that stiff-legged, sideways attitude of a cat in fighting trim, greeted his approach with a vicious hiss. "Gor blimey, I hain't goin' ter frow yer hoverboard, you flymin' hidiot. Hat least not just yet. Hain't yer got sense henuff t'understan' we got to balance this 'ere chariot? Naow, be a good cat an' 'old hewye 'ere."

He gave the cat a good-natured cuff on the head and was surprised when Jonesey did not retaliate with a scratch. But it was with obvious reluctance that the big tom vacated his perch and found a seat on the lower end of the raft.

Joe relaxed with a deep sigh. He should do something for that leg of his, he thought. But an overcast night sky had taken the place of the blue day. The best he could do in the dark was to tie his sea-soaked handkerchief around the wound where he remembered the cut to be deepest.

For a while he just lay there, quietly, watching the dizziness overcome him. He attributed it to the swell the raft was riding and wondered. He had never been seasick before. He gritted his teeth and felt the sweat break out on him.

It was a great effort to turn his head. A faint blur a few feet away indicated where Jonesey (*Continued on page* 56)

The remains of a Roman villa at Colliton Park, Dorchester. This is perhaps the finest example of these villa mansions. Seventeen rooms have been excavated with at least one perfect specimen of a tessellated pavement. A series of heated rooms led to the bathroom from which a waste pipe passed the water to rooms on lower levels, finally finding its way to a conduit outside

(Below) A Roman villa at Chedworth, Gloucestershire, the property of the National Trust. The remains of walls several feet high are in a setting that enhances the charm and brings back to the imagination the life of those Romans of high degree who lived there close upon 2,000 years ago

When Britain Was A Roman Colony

By M. Lovett Turner

Bath possesses remains of the Roman baths at their most opulent. The Great Bath reflects the bases of columns, and steps, worn smooth by countless sandalled feet

AS children we learnt that Julius Cæsa invaded Britain in 55 and 54 B.C. but made little headway, for it was not until the following century that the conquest of Britain became established. Judging by the time it took before the country was at peace within itself, we were not the painted savages Lawson Wood and his contemporary humorists delighted to sketch. Even Cæsar, who was great enough not to belittle his foe, mentions the war chariots used by the Britons which "struck terror into his legions." Finally the Romans were recalled to help the mother country against its foes, leaving Britain to face the repeated invasions that overwhelmed her without the military strength that Rome invariably installed in its conquered countries.

The Roman invasion lasted for nearly 400 years, leaving behind the glamour of a strong military race but little tangible evidence of its long sojourn here. Roman towns, still to be recognized by the suffix cester, cater, or coln, were either burnt or used as quarries by succeeding inhabitants. Kindly nature has assisted at the final camouflage by covering the ruins with its clinging down of vegetation. Increasing excavations have discovered many interesting facts of Roman everyday life in this country.

To the English home-maker, the villa (a word that has sunk low in the social scale) forms the most interesting part of these discoveries. With an adaptability strange in so warlike a race, the British-Romano villa was built to suit the climate. In Italy, the courtyard was enclosed to exclude the sun, but here it was left open to catch all the sun available.

Except for a few summer rooms the whole of the house was "central heated," by means of hot air circulating under the floor and, occasionally, round the walls. Did the Briton envy them their luxury or scorn the effeminacy of his conquerors? To the simple peasant the villa must have seemed like a miniature palace with coloured walls, tiles and glass, rich mosaic floors and hot and cold baths—luxuries that disappeared for centuries. Glass was used again in the thirteenth century but baths seem (*Continued on page* 58)

The London Stone, now resting after many upheavals in the wall of the Church of St. Swithin in Cannon Street. A Roman milestone believed to be the central point from which all distances were measured

(On right) The famous Newport Arch, Lincoln, the only Roman arch in England to span a main road

No Apron Strings

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

THEY had decided to trust each other.

Claire remembered still their first conversation about it. It was a long time ago. Before their marriage. Before the war. Before either of their children was born or Richard became successful.

"I hate the thought of having to explain myself," Richard had said. "This thing of 'where have you been?' 'I thought you said you'd be back early.' 'Who are you going to see?' I don't believe I could stand it."

Claire answered: "I should not dream of asking you to stand it."

She was younger then—a lot younger. Twenty-three. She was very fair, and she was one of the few people who could wear scarlet.

"I shouldn't ever want to tie any one to me," she added, "unless they wanted to stay—I wouldn't want them."

Brave words. You were brave at twenty-three. Brave because of your long slender body, and your vitality, and your quick wits, and your youth. But thirty-five was another story.

She was still tall and slender. She wore her clothes better than ever. Her wits were keen, still, and her understanding of people much more profound than when she first knew Richard. But her vitality was lower. And her first youth was over. She wasn't brave and defiant now. But—they had decided to trust each other.

Richard was an actor. Not particularly temperamental, as actors go. But he had his whims. Freedom of action was one of them.

"Of course," as one of Claire's best friends said to her, "it's a very useful peculiarity. Or might be. And Richard is a singularly attractive man."

"*I* think so," Claire said lightly.

She could afford to speak lightly—then. She was sure of Richard. Sure of his love. Through all the ups and downs of their marriage, through the anxieties of war and the vicissitudes of his profession, in ten years of marriage she had never doubted him.

"I said no apron strings," she told the friend. "And I meant it. It's paid. I've never questioned Richard. I've made practically no demands on him, ever. If I *had* been tiresome and possessive I believe we should have come unstuck long ago."

"The first twenty years are the hardest, or so they tell me," said the friend cynically. Her name was Helen Benton, and she was the daughter of one actor and the wife of another.

"My first ten years have been heaven," said Claire.

That wasn't quite true, of course, but it was near enough the truth to make no difference. There had been a number of difficulties which, presumably, one would be spared in heaven. But none of them had been serious. None of them had touched her relationship with Richard.

He had really made his name the year before war broke out, in a queer American play which had a fantastic success.

"I've worked a long time for this," he said to Claire. "I wonder if I'll know how to handle it now I've got it?"

"You'll know," Claire said. She was as sure of him as of herself.

She had known what to do, too. Discreetly, gracefully, she enlarged her way of living. They moved into a bigger flat. They gave more supper parties than before. Claire's clothes came from more expensive shops. She was "building up" to Richard.

The war put a stop to all that, of course. She moved herself and the children out of London to a cottage in the country. Still, it was a suitable cottage. The sort of place a promising young actor could live in without shame. It had a thatched roof, a charming garden, and two tiled bathrooms. Richard was pleased with it. He came home as often as he could, which wasn't very often because he was touring with ENSA.

"All the same," he admitted, "I'm lucky, I'm following my own career. And not many men can say as much these days."

"I'm lucky too," Claire said.

She thought sometimes that she worked for her luck. There wasn't any too much money—and she had to keep up appearances. There was no telling when Richard would come home, or whom he would bring with him. The house had to be ready to receive him, always, and she didn't like to think what he'd say if he turned up and found her looking shabby.

Still—she managed. She was an intelligent woman and she knew her world.

This Was Claire's Idea of Marriage —and it Succeeded

By Anne Vernon

CLAIRE took the coffee tray into the garden and was putting it on the table when they came through the gate. They were arm-in-arm

She provided a nice background for a promising actor, and the effort was worth while. She was still sure of Richard. It hadn't yet occurred to her to doubt his love.

It was Helen Benton who warned her. Helen came down to stay one week-end in the summer. She lay back in a deck chair and stared at Claire's herbaceous border, and said dreamily: "Of course I always *did* think you were a bit of a fool giving Richard so much rope."

"Rope?" said Claire.

"He's darned attractive, my dear. Much more attractive than in his callow youth. There's something about that smile of his nowadays that nearly makes my heart turn over. And I'm a seasoned old cask."

"Would you mind telling me exactly what you mean?" Claire said.

"I never tell any one exactly what I mean."

"Then you shouldn't hint," Claire said hotly.

There was a pause. Then Helen, her eyes still on the flowers, said: "Have you ever met a girl called Janet Marks?"

RICHARD had taken the children for a walk

"She stayed here. Once," Claire said. "She was very earnest and I don't think she liked me much. She's acting with Richard now on tour."

"Quite," said Helen.

For a moment the sunny garden swam in front of Claire. But she pulled herself together and said steadily: "I trust Richard."

"I dare say. But I think you're pretty silly."

"But Janet Marks wasn't anything special!" Claire said. "She was rather mousy, for an actress. Her clothes weren't at all clever, and she wore horn-rimmed spectacles."

"She may be short-sighted," Helen said cruelly. "But she's twenty-one. And you're thirty-five. If I were you I should watch my step. There's been a good deal of gossip about them."

Claire stood up and lit a cigarette. She must have time to think. And it was difficult to think with Helen's sharp eyes on her.

"Your pose of detachment is all very well," Helen said. "But men are men and women are women. You'd better come down to earth."

"If you can't trust your husband," Claire asked, "is life worth living?"

"Some people find it so," Helen said. She was considerate enough to change the conversation after that, and on the Sunday evening she went back to London.

Left alone, Claire faced her problem. And there *was* a problem to face—that was painfully clear. Helen wasn't a cat. She wouldn't repeat gossip unless there was some real purpose to be served.

"Richard and Janet Marks," Claire said aloud. "Well—where do we go from here?"

It was nearly a month since Richard had been home. She expected him any day now. And by the time he came she must have made her decision. Or was the decision to be taken out of her hands? Was he really serious about Janet? Would he, perhaps, ask Claire to divorce him?

She shivered a little at the thought. She couldn't bear to break the pattern of their life—the pattern which had been woven with care and skill and patience over the years.

"There's only one thing I can do," she told herself finally. "And that's to shut my eyes; to go on trusting, even if—there's nothing to trust."

Richard came down late one evening. Claire was waiting for him in the garden. At ten o'clock it was still warm, and she wore a crisp candy-striped dress of scarlet and white cotton. Her fair hair was piled high on her head, and her bare sunburned feet were thrust into scarlet leather sandals.

"You look as cool and delicious as a lettuce leaf on ice," Richard greeted her.

"I feel quite cool," she agreed.

"How are the children?"

"Abounding in health and mischief. Diana has helped to dip the sheep. And Robert has designs on Mr. Bates. He wants to learn to milk."

"Splendid," said Richard. "Can I have a bath? I feel utterly travel stained. Come and talk to me."

She perched on the bathroom stool and watched him while he washed. Tall, lean, a little brown from summer sunshine—of course he was attractive. The sensitive mouth responded so quickly to anything you said. The dark eyes were kind and understanding.

"Well," she said (and hoped her voice was steady). "What have you been doing?"

"All the usual things, honey. Living in rather nasty lodgings. Eating unattractive food. Playing to packed houses—and they're good audiences, I'll say that for them. Travelling on the sort of trains one wouldn't have believed possible. You know it all."

"Has it been hot in the north?" she asked.

"Quite agreeably. We were near Scarborough last week. There was a little bathing to be had between the barbed wire."

"Good," said Claire.

She was reassured, in a way. This was the scrappy disjointed sort of conversation they always had when Richard first came home.

But later she was afraid again. He was too nice to her. He noticed her too much. He said, as they drank beer and ate sandwiches in the last of the dusk: "You know, Claire, you're very good looking. Better looking, I think, than when we were first married."

"In some ways, perhaps," she said. "But I was braver then."

"Braver?" he queried.

"It doesn't matter," she said hurriedly. "I'm just talking nonsense."

In the morning there was family breakfast. Robert and Diana both a little uplifted by their father's return. Diana spilt her porridge.

"Gently now," said Richard.

"It's excitement, daddy," Diana told him gravely.

"You should copy your mother. She never gets excited."

Across the children's heads his eyes met Claire's. And dropped before the cool astonishment in them. They never discussed each other in front of the children.

It was another hot day. After school the children went haymaking and took their father with them. Claire had a hurried bath and changed her clothes. She was aware that she was very tired. And still Richard had given no hint—made no sign.

They ate their supper in the garden. It was cooler now, and very quiet. They talked more easily. Richard told her the details of his tour. She gave him the gossip of the village. And then it came.

"Remember Janet Marks?" he said. "We had her down here once for the week-end."

"Of course I remember her."

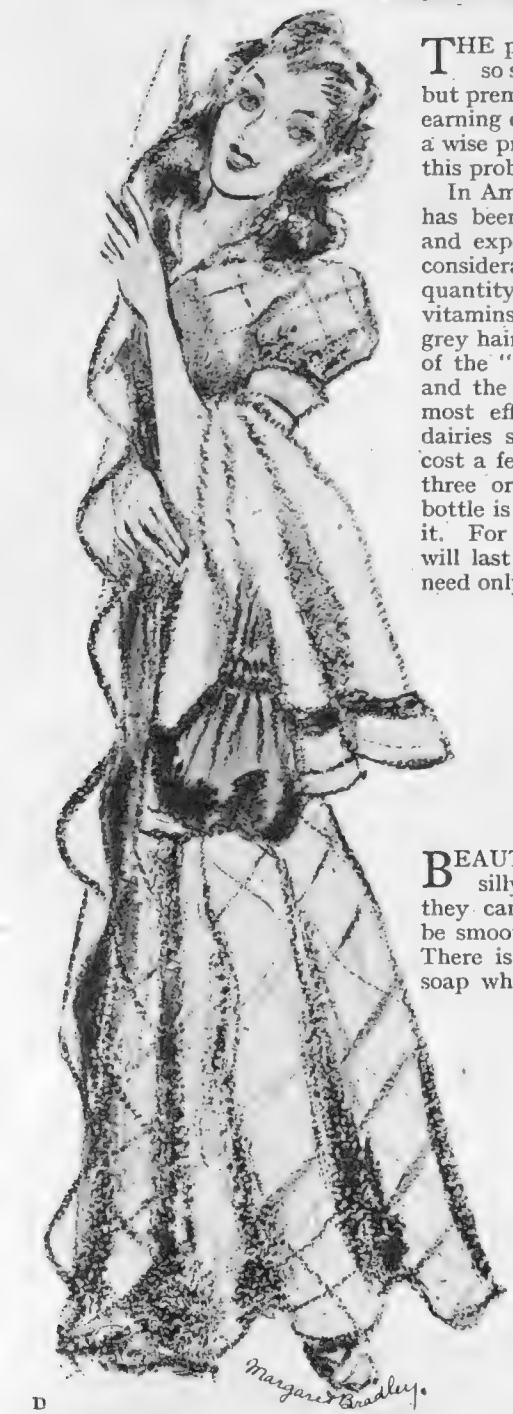
"She's come on amazingly, in this last month. (*Continued on page 64*)

AT nine-forty-five Janet came downstairs. She wore a very dashing print frock and a big Mexican hat

Just lately I have been wondering what you would like in the way of beauty service, and it seemed to me that it would be a good thing to start at the top and pay attention to your hair. With this thought in mind, I have been out and about to discover where you can get various kinds of hair-tonics, shampoos of all sorts, from pine-tar to golden hair-wash, as well as a plastique wave set which does not leave the hair stiff and dull. These things I have priced and listed, together with the addresses of hairdressers who specialise in hair styling, permanent waving, tinting and wig-making. You know, of course, that you are very welcome to this list if you send me a stamped and addressed envelope.

Jane Gordon

ON DUTY



THE problem of white hair is not financially so serious to men and women on war work, but premature greyness might easily affect your earning capacity when the war is over, and it is a wise precaution to give a little forethought to this problem.

In America, some interesting research work has been done on the subject of white hair, and experiments have proved that diet has a considerable effect not only on the quality and quantity of hair, but also on its colour. The vitamins which are most successful in restoring grey hair to its natural colour are the vitamins of the "B" family. Of these, brewer's yeast and the sour milk known as yoghourt are the most effective. In London, one of the big dairies sells yoghourt in ½-pint bottles which cost a few pence each. The yoghourt lasts for three or four days if kept sealed, and each bottle is labelled with the last day you can use it. For instance, bottles you buy on Tuesday will last up to Friday, which means that you need only collect them twice a week. They tell me that if you place a standing order the preparation can be delivered. Fortunately, yoghourt does not come into the milk ration.

One of the best-known brewers will send little cartons of fresh yeast twice a week if you write and ask for it. They only charge postage for the course, which lasts several weeks, and at the end of the course you are asked to give a donation to one of our big teaching hospitals.

They have discovered in America that anæmic women do not react as well to the vitamin "B's" as those who have a normal blood count and hæmoglobin; therefore these women should add iron to their diet and plenty of iodine in the form of sea foods. Halibut oil is a very important addition to all wartime diets, and if your hair is giving you trouble see that both your main meals in the day include salads and vegetables.

(*Continued on page* 65)

AND OFF

BEAUTY aids cannot work miracles. It's silly as well as unkind to pretend that they can do so. Lines and wrinkles cannot be smoothed out by creams and lotions alone. There is no such thing as a lotion, cream or soap which can reduce flesh all by itself, nor can you produce flesh by applying any liquid or creamy preparation externally. There is no liquid, stain, paste or herbs which will make the original colour return to white, grey or faded hair. These preparations dye or stain the hair, and if you choose a dye or stain to match the original colour it will look as if the original colour is restored.

By intelligent treatment you can arrest grey hair, and if the treatment is really successful the new-growing hair which replaces the falling hair may grow in coloured instead of grey. That is something worth working for. And the way to achieve your purpose is by hygiene and stimulation. Under the heading of hygiene, you can list shampoos, fresh air, sunshine and diet. Under the heading of stimulation, you must list brushing, massage, electric and vibratory treatments and hair-tonics.

Anything which interferes with the circulation and blood supply to the scalp will affect the condition of the hair. Faded, falling or greying hair will certainly be caused by working long hours in a stuffy atmosphere, shelter nights below ground, wearing tight hats, caps or having your head tied up in a scarf for long hours on end. (*Continued on page* 65)

IN a world pre-occupied with destruction, it is a good thing to contemplate the work that goes on to preserve life. We, who benefit most, are frequently heedless of the drama of scientific endeavour quietly unfolding when, in some still laboratory, a man successfully completes the work, perhaps of years, which will save countless lives and prevent immeasurable pain.

It is a strange civilisation in which people can be better informed about the movies than about those achievements which, for instance, to take only one aspect, have so greatly improved the lot of women and enhanced their prospects of life.

It is only a few years since motherhood was a dangerous adventure. The maternal death-rate has been more than cut in half, and the improvement continues.

Puerperal fever—childbed fever—used to kill many thousands of women every year. Even after the most normal delivery, this dread infection would strike suddenly, and in a few hours the woman who had successfully brought her child into the world might be at the brink of death.

Then it was discovered that this invasive infection of the uterus could be checked by the use of antiseptics and the ruthless elimination of dirt and microbes from the scene of the confinement.

This was a long stride. It reduced the mortality rate, but whenever the microbe crept in—and it did—doctors were almost powerless. The fever was still master.

But just before the war, two scientists completed experiments which they, and others, had been working on for years. The uses of sulphanilamide—known to the public now as M. and B.—are connected in the lay mind with the cure of pneumonia. But it is not so well known that when M. and B. was perfected, childbed fever was finally routed.

To-day pre-natal care has minimised the former risks of childbirth to a staggering degree. The regular physical check-up throughout pregnancy is now recognised to be only a little more important than the psychological care with which the best modern doctor educates his patient throughout the waiting months.

Investigations into the causes and cure of sterility have also been yielding gratifying results.

It is safe to say that half the numbers of women who would formerly have had to resign themselves to a childless existence have now been proved amenable to treatment. This is subject, of course, to confirmation that in the marriage partnership the woman is the defaulting party, but both sexes can be treated, though less frequently in the case of men.

Blood plasma has introduced a new miracle of medicine in the past few years. The somewhat mysterious condition known as shock which follows upon severe injuries, and is so dangerous to women after a long and difficult childbirth, or in cases of prolonged hæmorrhage, has yielded, in a large percentage of recent experiments, to the use of blood plasma.

By no means least of the benefits which medicine has conferred upon women in the last few years has been their delivery from the mental and physical stress of the years of middle life known as the Menopause. Time was, and not long since, when this phase of life heralded the decay of youth and the onset of physical discomforts for which there was no relief and little understanding.

To-day, thanks to the scientific probing into the mysterious activities of nature at this stage of life, the average woman can be conducted through this difficult phase with comparative ease.

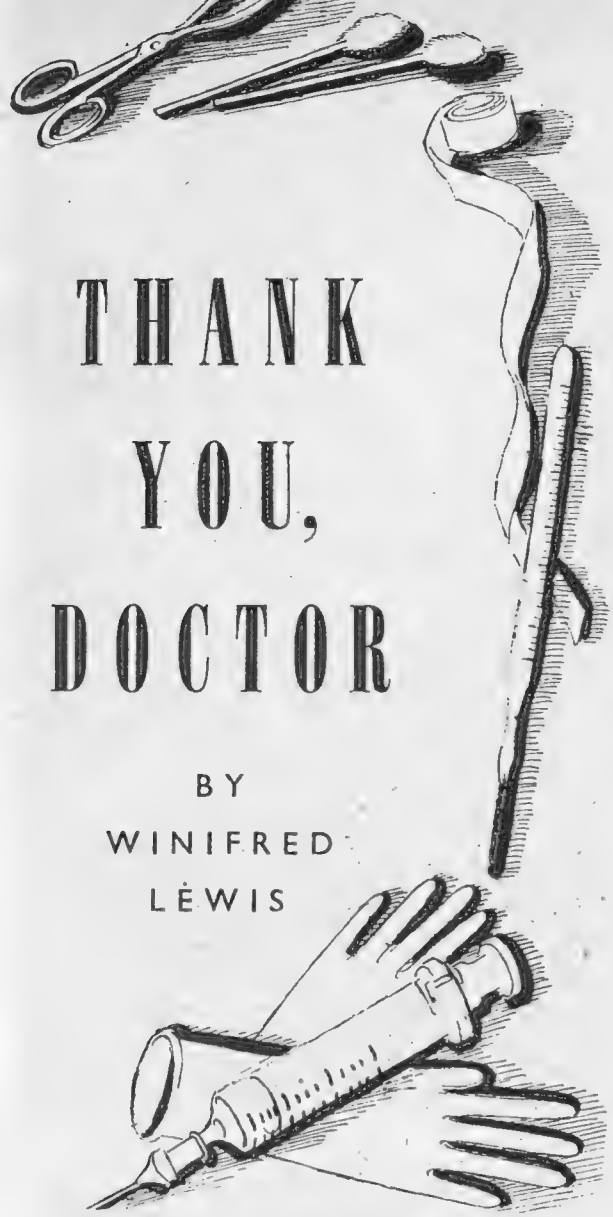
Our children have benefited as much as their mothers from the recent activities of science. Vitamin therapy is starting our babies off from the day of birth upon a safe and sheltered way of health. Immunisation is staving off those complaints, not always so serious in themselves, but forerunners of many more serious things.

1

2

THANK YOU, DOCTOR

BY WINIFRED LEWIS



Finally, Penicillin, most publicised of all recent medical discoveries, confers its benefits upon all human beings alike.

The immediate outstanding achievements of Penicillin are in its miraculous effect in cases of septicæmia, meningitis, mastoid, breast abscesses, skin diseases, and wounds of the skin and soft tissues.

Penicillin is the great life-saver of this war on the battlefields. It stands as an example to civilisation of the good which can be wrought when man's endeavours are diverted from channels of destruction towards those of healing and of hope.

1. In 1940, after years of research, a team of scientists succeeded in producing the anti-bacterial substance known to the world as Penicillin. Steps are now being taken to produce it synthetically and the search goes on with every hope of success. These laboratory workers are helping in the experiments.

2. The quest for means of combating venereal disease has been unremitting in the past few years and has yielded such good results that the worst dangers of the disease are now largely confined to cases in which treatment, by injection and doses, has been too long deferred.

3. A new plastic discovery of war surgery which combines surgical instrument and light source in one. Attached to electric mains or batteries, these instruments glow with a white, penetrating light which enables the surgeon to work in conditions of emergency on the battlefield and in the black-out.

4. Immunisation opens a new world of security against infection for children whose parents have the foresight to avail themselves of it. This youngster is being medically examined before immunisation against diphtheria.

5. Childbirth has been robbed of many of its former dangers and anxieties, and even of a good deal of pain, by the practice of pre-natal care; the miraculous development of antiseptics—notably M. and B., which is routing puerperal fever—and of analgesia, which is harmless to mother and child. Here a baby has been safely delivered and is awaiting his first bath.

SHORTAGES

Shortages grow more acute as we come up to the fifth anniversary of war. We do without because we must, but women sometimes wonder whether these small sacrifices are adding up to anything important.

A good pair of silk stockings occasionally would work wonders with their morale, they argue. Could it possibly hurt the war effort? It could. Silk is going, among other things, to make airmen's parachutes. Every pair of silk stockings denied to us is a practical and vital contribution to the saving of some man's life.

How, you ask yourself, can the fact of my economies with elastic get us anywhere in the war? The answer is that every 30 lb. of rubber saved in making elastic goes to make an escape dinghy for bomber and fighter crews who have been brought down into the sea.

The shortage of scissors, needles, and pots and pans represents a small inconvenience, but they also represent the means for making the hard steel cable for barrage balloons. In small sacrifices we contribute much to the common cause and bring the days of plenty into the nearer realm of probability.

FRILLED JERSEY

MATERIALS REQUIRED. 7 ozs. La Laine 3-ply yellow ; 1 oz. Contrast for frill ; No. 10 needles ; 3 hooks and eyes. MEASUREMENTS. Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins. ; Sleeve seam, 4 ins. TENSION. 8 st. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 110 st. in yellow. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1½ ins. Change to the following pattern :

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 2.

2nd row.—* P. 2, k. 2, repeat from * to end, ending p. 2. Repeat these 2 rows.

5th row.—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2, repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 1. Repeat this row 3 more times.

9th row.—P.

10th row.—K.

11th row.—As 1st. **12th row.**—As 2nd. **13th row.**—As 1st. **14th row.**—As 2nd.

15th row.—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 1. Repeat this row 3 more times.

19th row.—P. **20th row.**—K.

These 20 rows form the pattern.

M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row (still keeping the pattern in spite of this) until there are 140 st. Work straight until side seams measure 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 110 st. Work straight until armholes measure 8 in. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at beg. of every row 12 times, leaving 38 st. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until it is time to shape armholes. Now work on 70 st., and at the same time k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there are 15 decreases here (55 st.). Work straight until armholes are 6½ ins. round curve. Cast off 10 st. at neck edge. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 36 st. Work a few rows to make armholes 8 ins. round (*Continued on page 67*)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit ; p. = purl ; m. = make ; s. = slip ; st. = stitch or stitches ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning ; wl. fwd. = wool forward.

SNUG WOOLLY UNDIES

MATERIALS REQUIRED. 8 ozs. Nursery Viyella 3-ply blue ; No. 10 and 12 needles ; 3½ yards bias binding ; 6 buttons ; ribbon for straps. MEASUREMENTS. VEST. Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 16 ins. PANTIES. Length, 16 ins. ; hips, 38 ins. TENSION. 7 st. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE VEST

Cast on 100 st. with No. 12 needles and work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 11 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and m. 1 st. to make 101, and work as follows :

1st row.—(K. side of stocking st. facing), k. 4 st., * p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * until there are 92 st. in rib. K. 4.

2nd row.—P. 4 st., * k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * until there are 4 st. left, p. 4.

3rd row.—As 1st.

4th row.—P. twice into first st., p. 3, st., * k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * until there are 4 st. left, p. 3, k. twice into last st. (103 st.).

5th row.—K. 5 st., * p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * until there are 92 st. in rib. K. 5.

6th row.—P. 9 st., * k. 1, p. 1 until there are 9 st. P. 9.

7th row.—K. 9 st., * p. 1, k. 1 until there are 9 st. K. 9.

8th row.—P. twice into first st., p. 8, * k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * until there are 9 st., p. 8, p. twice into last st.

Continue to increase at beg. and end of every 4th row, and take 4 less st. at each end in rib on every 6th row until there are only 13 st. in rib. Now work on half the st. only, and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are no st. left. Work other half the same.

THE BACK

Work as front until there are 13 rib st. at centre. Cast off.

PANTIES (Right leg).

Cast on 130 st. with No. 10 needles. Work stocking st. for 4 rows. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 156 st. Now k. 2 tog. at end of every k. row until there are 138 st. Now, with right side facing, k. 1, p. 1, k. to end. (*Continued on page 67*)

DRESS:

BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

Anne Crawford, up and coming British film girl, wears a Harella utility suit in red and black herringbone Cumberland tweed, which goes right to the top of the class for fabric, line, styling, wearability. The jacket has high, narrow revers, good shoulders, a nipped-in waist. The skirt has panel pleats, front and back. The suit is also made in tan and black herringbone, light and dark green, light and dark blue, and is available in five sizes. Approximate price, 92s. 10d. Selfridges.

On the side, some suggestions for revivals and brighteners (1). It takes all you have of courage to cut off the collar and revers of an old suit jacket, and turn up its hem to hip length. But do it, and you will have achieved a suit with to-morrow's look. They have long been rooting for short suit jackets in America, where narrow-hipped, long-legged women wear them well. Now British designers are beginning to cut their jackets shorter. They are making them without collars or revers, or they round the revers and round off the fronts and pockets. A collarless jacket is a good background for dickeys, fronts, ruffles. You could make a dressy little blouse, with new short, rounded sleeves, fullness drawn in at throat and yoke, from the good parts of a worn, vintage nightdress, home-dyeing it the colour you want. A short-sleeved shirt with a bow tie and matching gloves would look spry in one of the nice Viyella checks that are still around.

(2) A woman we know had a three-quarter opossum coat which did not have good done to it when her house was blasted. So, after brushing, cleaning and mending its tears, she put it inside a jigger jacket, leaving a generous outside edge, as shown. It looks wonderful. No furrier will copy the idea for you, because fur linings are prohibited by the Board of Trade Austerity rulings. But war-hardened women who have mastered complicated handyman work around the house are finding that the needle is as easy to wield as the saw and the screwdriver.

SEPTEMBER HEALTH CALENDAR

1
Tongue-brushing with a soft toothbrush and mild saline mixture is a good germ-riddance habit that should be started now. Colds come from germs, caught when the body is out of condition.

2
Be greedy about the late summer sunshine. (September weather often recompenses for a sunless summer.) Vitamin D is one of the best cold-preventives, and sunshine actually creates Vitamin D in your body.

3
If you and your family suffer from colds, have injections against them. Start at once, then you will not be a source of infection all winter. Injections at the right time can keep you free from all colds.

4
Children should be starting a course of Vitamin D capsules (Halibut Liver Oil is one of the best sources) now to strengthen them against the sunless months. Don't let them miss a dose.

5
Determine not to supply the body with too much artificial warmth this winter; a body that is not coddled will be stronger in its own natural defences against the cold. Hold up your head when out.

6
Make sure that a timely visit to the dentist has insured against a sudden midnight attack of toothache encouraged by the cold, a little extra exposure, neuralgia. Dentists are busy, so book in advance.

7
Rheumatism has been in abeyance during the warm months, but it may start again with the winds and rains of autumn. Start an autumn-cleaning health routine to rid the body of its excessive acids.

8
Remember to start massaging warmed camphorated oil into children's feet at night as soon as the weather cools. This will help to prevent chilblains and is also an excellent cold deterrent.

9
Have an internal cleanse. Cut out tea with meals, drink water between meals, hot water on rising, and take mild aperient or health salts each day for this month. Have a Turkish bath or colonic irrigation.

10
Determine not to have too many carbohydrates and heavy foods this winter. Try to make one meal a salad meal every day. Raw root vegetables minced are beneficial, and they cut down your cooking.

11
Three-year-olds who have been sun-bathing in the nudist manner in the summer are still able to frolic happily in the autumn sun without clothes. It is excellent for their health. Do not coddle them.

12
It is no use waking up to the fact that you must take calcium for chilblains once they have started. Take your calcium and Vitamin D tablets right now, and from now on until the danger season is past.

13
If you are forty-ish and are inclined to put on weight in the winter, start immediately to do a few minutes' daily exercise, lightly clad, by the window. Let this become an excellent winter habit.

14
Old people need knitted wrist-bands for the bitter months; these should be made now. Younger people who have occupations that prevent exercise-stimulation for circulation should have them also.

15
Steep a quart of blackberries in a pint of white wine vinegar for a week. Strain, add 1 lb. sugar and ½ lb. honey; bring to boil, cool, bottle. Remedy for sore throats and colds, added to hot water.

16
Five-year-olds, inclined to breathe through the mouth and subject to colds, should have throats medically examined now. Better to get rid of tonsils or adenoids now than when winds are bitter.

17
Your daughter, in her mid-teens, has not worn stockings for the duration. She has purple-red backs to her legs. This winter she must wear light woollen stockings to improve this condition.

18
Your large toe-joint may start its winter tricks later, so massage oil into it from now until the new year, just to prevent enlargement and aching of joint. Castor oil is a good substitute for olive oil.

19
Upper arms that display goose-flesh most of the winter should be scrubbed regularly now and massaged. It is also helpful to wear soft woollen jumpers in the winter: wool remedies this unsightly condition.

20
Children should have a winter-time routine of clearing their heads morning and night; teach them to clear nasal passages regularly when they do their teeth. Occasionally, let them use a nasal douche.

21
Bronchial subjects should increase their Vitamin A intake. This is the "anti-infective" vitamin and helpful as counter to catarrh; found in animal fats, cod-liver oil, milk and green vegetables.

22
Heavy or even habitual smoking is definitely bad for the lungs and therefore encourages any tendency towards bronchitis, asthma and winter colds. It should be controlled as much as possible by sufferers.

23
Keep a store of onions this winter. Onion juice, produced by slicing and covering the onion with sugar, keeps temperatures down and is a good first-stage remedy for colds. Keep mixture well covered.

24
Make some anklets or ankle socks for your daughter to wear in the office if her job involves sitting still at a desk all day long. They will help during the winter to keep her feet warm and avoid chilblains.

25
Have the whole family O.K.'d by the doctor in preparation for the winter. If there is any sign of sinus, tooth or gum trouble, tonsils or adenoids, winter will aggravate the condition. Prevent now.

26
If you cannot get celery, get some celery-seed and add 1 oz. to one pint of boiling water. Make an extract which is a good deterrent for rheumatism. Sufferers should take celery salad at least once a day.

27
It is often difficult to dose your children when they are away at school, but they can easily take Halibut Liver Oil capsules. They should be supplied with these now.

28
Eyes have added strain in winter and need more care, daily exercise and regular soothing eye-baths to counteract the dark days, work by artificial light and icy winds. Start exercises now.

29
Get some spirits of camphor for the medicine chest. Rubbed into wet feet, it will help to prevent any arising cold or chill. It is good for children who get wet-footed coming home in the rain.

30
A month well used has lessened our susceptibility to all the most common winter ills: keep up the habits started, and see that the whole family does the same. It may be a little trouble, but it pays.

DO YOU SIT AT YOUR WORK?

THE lean-forward of concentration is difficult to avoid. Yet it ruins the poise of your body. Sit upright, head straight on shoulders, ears over shoulders, and then feel the back of your neck where lurks your potential dowager's hump. Now peer your head forward: you can feel the hump taking shape under your hand.

The remedy is a simple exercise. Sit in the correct posture, head upright, chin in, and turn your head slowly around until your chin is over your left shoulder—then give it a final extra twist, without straining.

Make yourself posture-conscious while you are sitting at your work. Put your chair in the right position so that your tail is touching the back of the seat and your shoulders touching the back of the chair. Of course, if you are working at books you have to lean forward, but do get the habit of sitting upright for a few minutes every now and then. Here are two exercises which will help you to remedy the day-long sag: shoulder-shrugging, nonchalantly up and down, up and down; next try to perform a circle with your shoulder movement, pushing your shoulders down and forward, up, back and then down into original position.

One nightly rolling exercise will keep any normal pair of hips in line. If done for five minutes night and morning, it will remove an inch or so from the most luxurious curves.

Indoor skin can be pallid, drab and soft. You suffer from a lack of fresh air on the skin and in the lungs. Eat plenty of roughage, drink water between meals and give yourself a pore-cleansing bath treatment every now and then, a hot Epsom salts bath and a rough-towel massage.

You must try to get half an hour in the fresh air before sunset each day. Make the effort to breathe deeply the while. This will make up for the lack of daily oxygen, and help your bloodstream.

If you want to tone your skin quickly, try a home-made mask—Fuller's earth and milk, or Fuller's earth and equal parts of witch-hazel and water. Leave for fifteen minutes and then rinse off with warm water.

Elbows may not worry you, as you cannot see them, but whenever you have the peroxide bottle out, sprinkle a little in the palm of your hand and apply it to your elbows. Massage skinfood in regularly if those elbows are your support and comfort during the day.

Sedentary beauty snares are all avoidable. With a little care you can keep them at bay.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

THEN BEWARE LARGE HIPS, DOWAGER'S HUMP, INDOOR SKIN AND EYE-SHADOWS.

YOUR

THE duty of a pair of eyebrows is to enhance and emphasise the beauty of their eyes. They themselves should be neutral in character, not too thin, and show the angle and uplift twist that Nature has given them.

Although the practice is one of heavily plucking the brows, all eyebrows should be kept tidy. The bridge of the nose should be kept free of them.

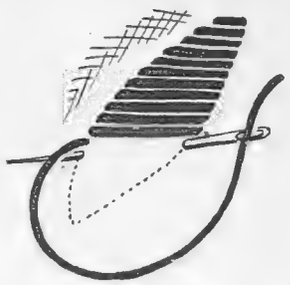
When you are eighteen or nineteen, you should remove straggling hairs, and, if necessary, all hairs from the bridge of the nose: you should do no more.

At thirty you can add to the groomed sophistication of your appearance by taking one line of hairs away from the underside of your brows.

When you are over forty-five, you should do this in order to counteract any apparent sinking of the eyes and brows. If you have heavy and rather downish growth, you must only tackle it seriously if you can keep the good work regular. It is better to be just tidy than to have a field day of plucking and then let your brows grow all over the place because you have not the time to keep the whole area neatened all the while.

Plucking the eyebrows is simple. It cannot hurt if you first apply a pad of cotton wool that has been wrung out of almost-boiling water. Hold to the brows until the skin is well warmed. Re-apply the pad hot as you move along. Use a good pair of tweezers and do not remove more than a hair at a time. If you are doing any shaping, work on both brows bit by bit to ensure similarity.

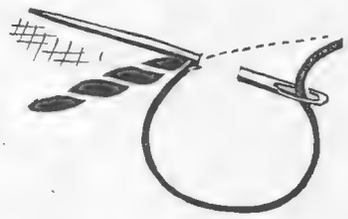
Always keep your eyebrows free of powder, combed and glistening with a slight touch of vaseline.



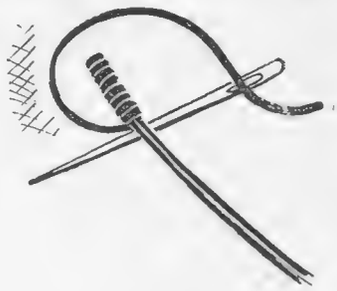
Satin stitch for flowers, leaves and broad stems is most commonly used. Stitches should lie close together to form a flat surface. Take up each stitch carefully and accurately without crowding or showing the background material. For broad stems and straight bands work at right-angles to the outline.

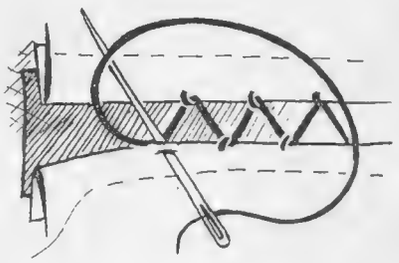
An initial letter on a slip or cami-knickers is effective. A mixture of satin stitch and oversewing is used when the design has lines of varying width. Outline the double lines with running stitches and fill in the centre with running stitches taken vertically with the design. Use satin stitch across wider sections of the letter, and oversewing, as below, for narrow edges.

Simple flowers in lazy daisy stitch can be worked all around the hem or top of a garment. The stitch is very quick and simple to work, being merely a chain-stitch with another stitch taken to secure the loop. The needle is then passed under the work and brought out in position for the next loop.



For outlining conventional designs and for all stems, use this stitch. Start at the end of the outline nearest to you and work away by taking stitches of exactly even length. Point the needle towards you when taking up the stitch and draw the thread away from you. When the design is curved, take shorter stitches than if it is a perfectly straight one.





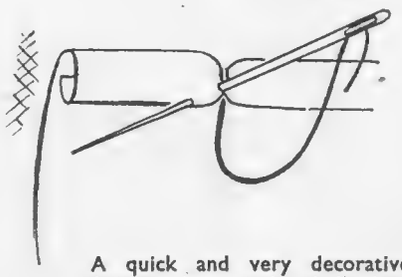
Faggoting is done by turning in the two edges and tacking them on to paper with a narrow space between. Take a double stitch at the lower edge and bring the needle up diagonally across the space to the edge of the top hem. Pass the thread under the needle to form a loop, then insert the needle once again on the lower hem edge and repeat stitch progressively.

HAND-WORKED LINGERIE

A little hand-worked trimming gives a quality look to your underwear. The knowledge of a few basic embroidery stitches is all you need. Keep the decoration graceful. Blend your colourings with skill and patience, and the plainest garment takes on an individual charm.

The success of embroidery depends upon using the correct thickness of thread for the material on which you are working and in carefully regulating the stitches to get an even effect. Keep the embroidery silk at the same tension throughout. One stitch drawn tighter than the rest will throw the whole thing out. A fine embroidery needle helps to make fine stitching.

The eye of the needle should take the thread easily and it should be possible to pull the thread through the fabric without force. Finish off by working some stitches into the back of the embroidery. End with a buttonhole stitch.



A quick and very decorative method of finishing hems is by shell-edging. Work on the right side of the garment and fold the edge of the material as for a narrow hem. Insert the needle through the fold and secure it. Now pass the needle over the top of the hem to the back and bring it out immediately under the hem. Repeat this twice, pulling the thread tightly to produce the scalloped effect in the sketch. Pass the needle under the fold and bring it out again at the edge a quarter of an inch away. Repeat the stitch as before.

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

QUEEN'S HALL, which opened with a children's party and expired to Goering's Firebird Music on the blitz night of May 10, 1941, not only epitomized half a century of London's earnest musical life. George Robey once conducted there; Landon Ronald, with a 9 ft. baton; and Herman Finck, with an orchestra which included motor horns and household utensils. Among other sidelines were Gladys Cooper as "World's Champion Bareback Rider," an Egyptian fakir who had himself buried in sand in a coffin for fifteen minutes, prize-fights, table tennis, an Esperanto concert, and a mouth-organ band playing to this kind of symphonic notation: "Suck A, blow D flat, trill from Leo, vamp from Al, run up and down from Fuzzy, two-bar break from Leo . . ." Mr. Robert Elkin gives a painstakingly detailed retrospect in "Queen's Hall, 1893-1941" (Rider, 21s.), with a chapter on each kind of music and reminiscences of famous conductors, instrumentalists, and singers who have performed there. An item worth noting is that Knightley, the architect, kept a string of dead mice in the paint shop so that the decorators could get the paintwork "the colour of the belly of a dead mouse." Music lovers will find much to absorb them. The profits, by courtesy of Mr. Walter Hutchinson, go to the Sir Henry Wood Jubilee Fund for a new London concert hall.

MISS PHYLLIS BOTTOME has known personally Alfred Adler, the Viennese psychologist, Sir Max Beerbohm, Ezra Pound, Ivor Novello, Sara Delano Roosevelt (the President's mother), and —not surprisingly—her own forthright grandmother, Margaret Macdonald Bottome. In "From the Life" (Faber, 6s.) she writes serious studies of them and their work, not always stopping this side idolatry. Her chief debt seems to have been to Adler, who "loved music; the drama; cinemas, mountain walks and swimming," disliked "social small-talk, large entertainments; driving in motors; long railway journeys or eating chicken," and taught her, as a law governing human conduct, that a man makes himself out of his own acknowledged or more often unacknowledged goal, and it is therefore of desperate importance to learn to choose a right one, or change it for a better if early results do not accord with his ideals. Max at Rapallo—a delightful study of the artist in limbo—she makes, perhaps, too angelic. Ivor gets merited appreciation, and in general the only quality one misses is a playful humour—surely a necessary part of friendship?—though she gets near it when she says that Ivor "had always a great deal of taste, not all of it good."

A Strange Story

AT rare intervals one strikes a story—psychological, spiritual, dynamically original—which either tries one's patience or demands complete surrender. Mr. Chris Massie's **Pity My Simplicity** (Faber, 8s. 6d.) is not for those who require light, easy reading, but those who believe that the deeps of human conduct, especially in unusual lives, contain unfathomable mysteries.

A soldier in the last war helps an inarticulate comrade with his love letters, and thus establishes an indirect link with the exceptional girl, Phoebe, whom his friend marries on leave. When the latter has been killed, and the war is over, that spiritual link persists. The "I" of the story meets Phoebe in England—now a strange, simple, baffling Phoebe suffering from amnesia following the shock of a brain storm in which she stabbed one of the two elderly sisters who had adopted her from a charity home. He links his life with hers, in a love of exquisite tenderness, that she may gradually return to normality, and he be redeemed from his post-war bitterness and frustration.

There is much more to the plot than this brief outline can imply; a deep feeling for the English soil and what it means to the soldier returned from exile, in the peace of a lonely house on the Essex marshes; a probing into hidden instincts and emotions. It is written with that intuitive imagination which, if not genius, is near to it. It does not *resemble* D. H. Lawrence's work, yet perhaps I can best indicate its quality by saying that Lawrencians will understand and respond to it.

WHO, better than Mr. Howard Spring, can give one the rawness of Manchester fog by gaslight, the temper of dogged, forthright, and sometimes blasphemous Lancashire self-made men? "Hard Facts" (Collins, 8s. 6d.), the first of a trilogy, is the story of Daniel Dunkerley, a small printer who wins riches and a title by launching a cheap popular weekly, with his protégé—a rebellious young slum-poet—as editor. This Alec Dillworth has a sister whom he wants to redeem from the streets and help on the path to fame as a musician. Tragic complications ensue when a young curate, Theodore Chrystal—already loved by a rich patroness to whom he is indebted—falls in love with her. The plot, however, gives but a faint reflection of the book's appeal, which is in fine character drawing and background. I thought Mr. Spring's "Fame is the Spur" one of the best novels of my time; this story has the same sterling north country qualities, and will not disappoint. (*Continued on page* 60)

Looking To The Future

Furnishing Fabrics of To-morrow

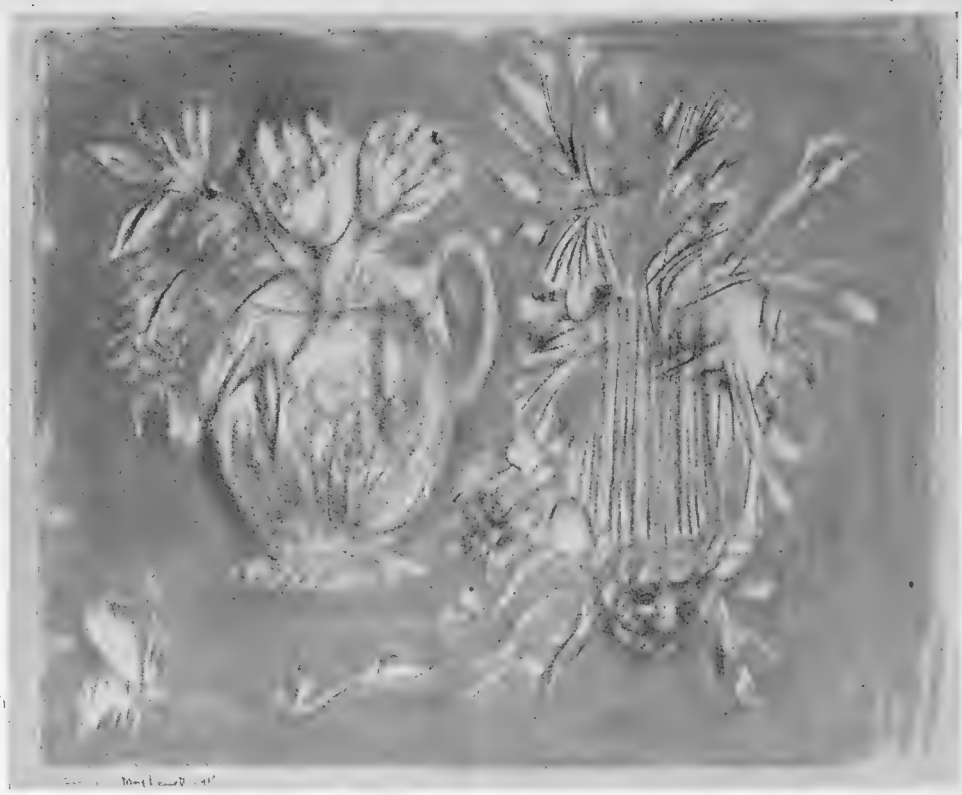
By Wilma Buckley

COLOUR—a riot of colour—is the outstanding feature of furnishing fabrics and decorative textiles planned for post-war service. Not just colour flung about anyhow, to weary the eye eventually as much as its absence can do, but colour used harmoniously and freshly and with an original touch.

Years of austerity, utility and blackout combined have, not unnaturally, resulted in a longing to break away from bleakness. We may hope to see something of a renaissance, a restoration, flowering through the medium of the arts as part of the universal yearning for a brighter world—the lighter side of things, in every sense, may say the serious-minded, but a side that exists, nevertheless.

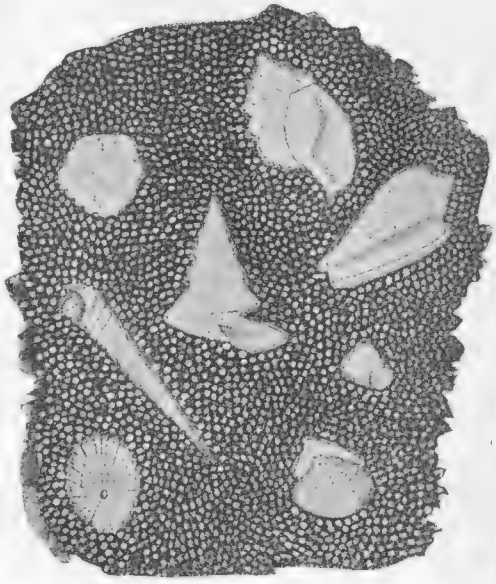
Artists, craftsmen and executives have been working with this aim in view, producing sample dyes, designs and fabrics that are a break-away from all those tedious, vaguely-flowered materials that "go with anything" (the ultimate choice, inevitably, of the indecisive or the timorous), or those unutterably boring, pseudo-Jacobean-patterned fabrics that have always been urged by tired salesmen as a "safe" choice.

I have, for years past, felt the need for the creation, production and publicizing of popular-priced but beautiful furnishing textiles, beautifully designed, rather than the mediocre materials generally available—only to be told, on inquiry, that the standard of public taste demanded the continuation of the conventional, the banal and the average. In other words, that people wanted only what they had been used to having and would not look twice at anything unusual and "different," however attractive intrinsically.



An imaginative painter, Mary Kessel, ventures into textile design with brilliant success. A still life in pastel; vases of flowers in brown on a bright ochre ground

Now, at last, the outlook seems to have changed. The long, wartime spell of drabness, of conformity to one (utilitarian) standard, has resulted in a creative outbreak of inventiveness in this particular sphere.



Shell design outlined in red on a white spot background (Thomas Acland). On right, "London Area," monotone pen and wash effect (A. H. Martin)

At a recent exhibition held by the Cotton Board in Manchester, new textile designs were shown by such diverse and well-known artists as Epstein, Paul Nash, Duncan Grant, Frank Dobson, Feliks Topolski, Vanessa Bell and others of similar calibre, an encouragingly progressive step.

Most of the designs for furnishing fabrics shown at this exhibition follow a quite new trend; the set pattern becomes fluid, the floral motif romantic and allusive rather than photographic.

Abstract designs, such as those of Henry Moore (one of our official war artists) and John Banting, are much in evidence—modern, indeed, but worlds removed from what used to be classified as "modernist."

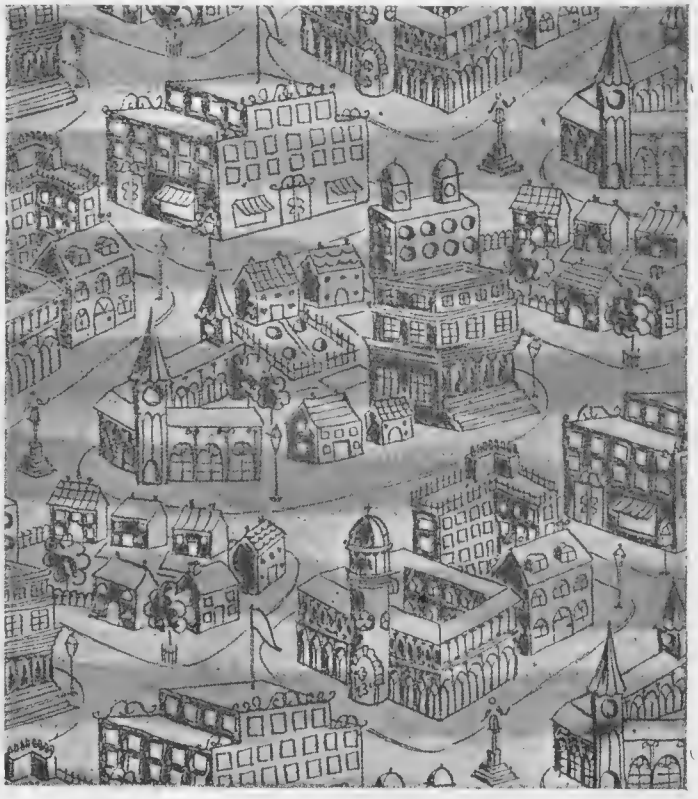
Others show a strong feeling for the architectural, and unusual forms have been chosen as decorative motifs: tree-trunks, transport, pottery, cobwebs!

John Farleigh's crisp design for chintz, in red, green and black on a dotted ground, brings an old theme up to date; Graham Sutherland's glowingly colourful flowers are stylized and unique.

Since it is impossible to express one medium in the terms of another, I cannot describe, in so many words, the flow, the richness, the brilliance of colour shown in all the designs at this exhibition. Those reproduced here, in the anonymity of black and white, have been chosen by permission of International Textiles and do at least give a good impression of what to expect.

At the International Wool Secretariat, I was shown several excellent ideas for future furnishing fabrics. Here, again, clear, bright colours are in the ascendant and the sober, the neutral and the plainly dull are left out of the scheme of things.

Apart from the colour factor, the eye-pleasing element, durability and good-wearing qualities (*Continued on page 66*)



Clean Up

REPAIRS and breakdowns which come along in the ordinary course of deterioration would seem to be enough for women to handle on their own. Now damage by bomb blast has come back to harass many and to tax our skill in making running repairs.

Dirt and damage caused by blast are formidable to contemplate, but experience proves that rooms and furniture which seem at first to have been damaged beyond hope of restoring can be put into reasonable shape again with patience and a sound method.

Damage to carpets and upholstery is frequently superficial. When this is the case it is wise to remove the carpet into the open.

Shake off as much loose dirt, rubble and glass as can be removed in this way and follow with a vigorous beating with a cane or carpet beater. This must be kept up until all loose particles of glass are out. Carpet soap, which is still obtainable, will remove ingrained dirt from the surface. Treat the whole carpet in sections. Scrub hard without saturating the fabric of the carpet with moisture. Sponge over with clean water, then rub over the surface again with a clean dry cloth to remove top moisture. Leave in the open to dry.

Soot is most difficult to remove from rugs and chairs. If possible, shake or beat off the loose soot in the open. Dust the surface with salt before brushing. Then if the surface is still marked, scrub with soapy water to which a little ammonia has been added. Rinse in clear water, using very little on a clean cloth to wipe over the surface.

Carpets spotted in the ordinary course of wear should be treated this way, though it may not be necessary to scrub so hard.

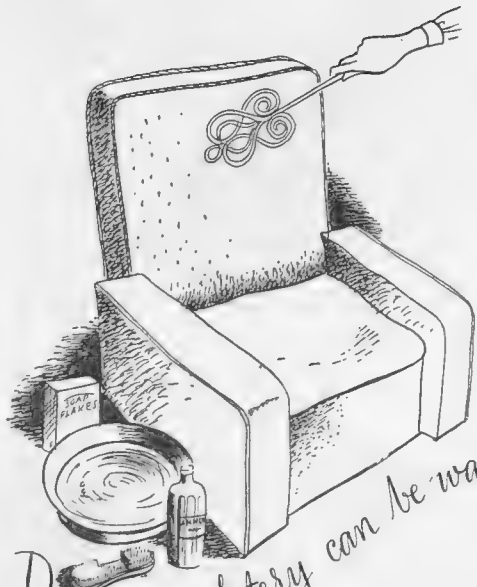
Upholstered chairs which have got greasy at the arms or back or have been dirtied by bomb damage should be brushed over with a stiff banister brush, then beaten and afterwards scrubbed gently all over the surface with a solution of warm water, soap flakes and ammonia. When the surface has been evenly scrubbed all over, wipe it with a clean wet cloth and leave in the open to dry. Choose a windy day.

Curtains which are falling to pieces in protest at their long service, and especially those which have been cut by glass in raid damage, can be repaired with adhesive tape so long as the cut is not ragged.

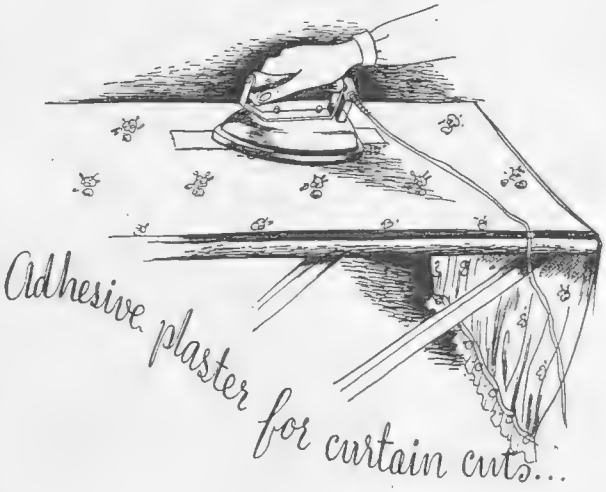
Trim off frayed edges and lay the curtain face downwards on a flat surface. Cut a length of adhesive tape slightly longer than the tear. Put the two edges together and press the tape on to the tear, sticky side down, with a hot iron.

Pit marks and deep scratches in woodwork can be reasonably well camouflaged with plastic wood, which is obtainable from most hardware stores. Clean out dust and splinters and squeeze a little of the solution into the damaged part. Smooth it down evenly with a knife. Leave it to set and then repaint the surface or, in the case of stained wood, touch up with a little dark stain.

W. L.



Dusty upholstery can be washed...



Adhesive plaster for curtain cuts...

Pitted wood can be filled in...

Three Bottles

They stand on nearly every kitchen shelf, a bottle of vinegar, a bottle of ammonia, and a bottle of methylated spirit. You know some of their handy uses, but do you know them all?

Vinegar

In making mint sauce, dip the mint into the vinegar before chopping it; the mint stays green.

A little vinegar in the water in which rice is boiling will keep the grains separate and blanched.

If you have burnt a saucepan, fill it with cold water, add a tablespoonful of vinegar, and boil up for several minutes. The burnt part will come quite clean.

Vinegar used on pancakes instead of lemon juice is delicious. Use sugar to taste.

When your sponge needs cleaning, squeeze it out tightly and then place it in water to which a teaspoonful of vinegar has been added. Soak for an hour, then squeeze and rinse.

Cleaned brasses will keep bright longer if rubbed with a little salt and vinegar.

When you have thoroughly cleaned a carpet, you will bring up the colours by rubbing it over with a cloth dipped in a one to three mixture of vinegar and hot water.

Wipe old furniture with a rag that has been wrung out of hot water and sprinkled with vinegar. This will remove dirt and old polish and leave a clean surface for repolishing.

Polish furniture with a chamois leather which has been wrung out of cold water with a dash of vinegar in it.

Hot vinegar will remove old paint marks from window panes.

Stains of peeling apples, potatoes, and so on, can be removed from the hands by rubbing a paste of oatmeal and vinegar into the fingers.

Vinegar, honey and hot water is a good gargle for a sore throat, using a tablespoonful of vinegar to a dessertspoonful of honey, and making half a small tumbler of mixture, with hot water.

Ammonia

Ammonia is a remedy for bee stings.

Ammonia is an excellent stimulation if added to your hot bath, two tablespoonfuls to a half-filled bath.

When washing hair brushes, add a few drops of ammonia to the water to remove all grease.

Ammonia helps to clean chromium-plated articles if they are marked. Polish with a soft cloth after applying ammonia.

Flannels or white woollens remain whiter if a few drops of ammonia are added to their wash water.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a pint of water is the best mixture for taking the shine from a suit or coat—damp the brush with it.

Warm water to which a little ammonia has been added will remove coffee stains. Soak the stained article in it.

Ammonia will remove red ink stains, and water to which ammonia has been added will remove most fruit, tea, and wine stains.

Shabby old brown shoes will look darker and better if sponged with ammonia, then polished with dark brown polish.

Goloshes and Wellingtons will shine if washed with water in which there is a little ammonia.

Ammonia added to the water in which glasses are going to be washed will make them shine. Also add it to water for washing windows and picture glass.

Methylated Spirit

Varnish and methylated spirit mixed fifty-fifty and then applied to the kitchen linoleum will give a good polish and non-slip surface.

Add a drop or so of methylated spirit to the rinse water for your stockings, if you want them not to spot in the rain.

Grass stains on a fast-dye article can be removed by warm methylated spirit rubbed into the stain before washing the garment.

Methylated spirit can be used for cleaning damp stains on morocco.

Paint and varnish stains on clothing can be removed by methylated spirit (in the case of the paint, use the spirit with soap). Sponge the garment with a methylated-spirit-damped cloth which has first been rubbed gently over the cake of soap.

All marks on stained or varnished furniture can be disguised by careful use of a duster sprinkled with methylated spirit. The whole endeavour is slightly to remove the varnish around the heat mark, water mark or acid mark, so that the spot which has had all the varnish removed is not as noticeable.

Mud stains on mackintoshes can be removed by methylated spirit. Do not use it on oilskins.

BENEATH YOUR FEET

NEW carpets and linoleums are out of the question, but measures to arrest shabbiness and decay are worth taking to see us through until better times and better materials come to hand..

The pictures show some good methods of restoration. Used with care and thoroughness, they give new life to shabby floors.

In the top picture, a good way of reviving spotted kitchen matting is shown. Add a little ammonia to some hot soapy water. Take the matting outdoors and scrub it well and quickly. Rinse it thoroughly and dry in a good breeze.

The next picture shows a neat binding for the edge of rug which has frayed. Trim off the worn edges, turn it under and apply carpet braid. Use a carpet needle and thread for this work. Torn and shabby fringes make rugs and carpets seem twice as old. Trim off old fringe, measure the edges of the rug for the amount of braid required and neaten the edge as before. A wide braid will strengthen a worn edge more than a narrow one.

Moths in the carpet can be dealt with by laying a damp towel on the surface and pressing through this with a very hot iron. Steam kills the eggs.

Liquid linoleum can still be found sometimes for painting over faded and spotted linoleum coverings. Use a good quality brush with even strokes taken quickly so that the edges do not dry. Shabby parquet and blockwood floors can also be treated with liquid linoleum or with dark stain which is still available in limited quantities.

MUSHROOM DELICACY

Choose fairly large and, as near as possible, equal-sized mushrooms. Chop the stems and fry separately in 1 oz. of margarine, a pinch of salt, and pepper. Peel the mushrooms and fry them, also seasoned, until soft in another oz. of margarine. When ready, arrange on a plate, filling the centres with the stems, to which chopped parsley has been added. Mix 1 teaspoonful of flour into the mushroom juice left in the pan and bring to the boil. Add vinegar to taste and pour the liquid over the mushrooms. Serve cold as a savoury or with the cold *beef à la mode*.

MARROW AND TOMATO SALAD

Peel and cut in half a small marrow; remove the seeds and cook in salted water until just tender. Drain over a sieve, and when quite cold, cut into squares. Cover a dish with lettuce and arrange alternate circles of sliced tomatoes and marrow. Sprinkle all over with chopped onion and parsley, and season with your favourite dressing.

APPLE DISHES THAT ARE DIFFERENT

By

APPLE CREAM TART

Mix in 4 oz. of flour, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 1 dessertspoonful of cold water, 1 reconstituted egg, and 2 oz. of creamed margarine. Work well, then let the pastry stand for 2 hours (not rolled out) in a cool place. Roll out very thinly and line a tart tin. Reconstitute 2 eggs with milk instead of water and add to them 2 oz. of sugar, 1 level tablespoonful of sieved flour, 1 cupful of milk, and 1 teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Pour the mixture into the tart tin and bake in a medium oven for 40 to 45 minutes, occasionally pricking the pastry with a fork. After 30 minutes, cover the cream with thin slices of peeled apple and replace in the oven. Sprinkle with sugar before serving cold.

APPLE PUDDING

Grease a soufflé dish and fill a quarter of it with layers of peeled, cored, and sliced apples sprinkled with sugar. Into a hole made in 1 cupful of flour, pour gradually, stirring all the time, 1 cupful of milk mixed with 2 reconstituted eggs. Add a few drops of orange essence and 1 dessertspoonful of sugar, and when all the lumps are rubbed out pour over the apples and bake for ½ hour in a medium oven.

NEW YORK CAKE

Mix 6 oz. of flour with 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and 1 teaspoonful of sugar. Rub in 2 oz. of margarine and ½ pint of milk. Halve the mixture and roll each half out so as to fit a round tart tin. Sprinkle the first half with melted margarine and cover with the remaining pastry. Bake for 30 minutes in a medium oven, remove, split in two, and fill with apple purée sweetened with jam (apricot for preference).

FLAPJACKS

Peel, core, and slice very thinly 1 lb. of apples; sprinkle with sugar and let stand for 10 minutes. Prepare the batter mixture with 1 cupful of flour, 1 of milk, and 2 reconstituted dried eggs. Melt and heat well a little fat in a frying pan, and pour in enough of the batter just to cover the pan thinly; add slices of apples and cover with more batter. Fry slowly on both sides and serve warm sprinkled with sugar. You may either make individual flapjacks or one large one, but whichever you choose make sure you don't get your batter too thick.

APPLES À LA STRASBOURG
(Eaten as a main dish)

Scoop out as many large apples as you need, keeping the sliced off tops. Mince any meat left over and fry in a little margarine, adding 1 reconstituted egg, salt and pepper. Fill the apples, put the tops on, and arrange in a fireproof dish. Cover with the following sauce :—

Cook in a saucepan 8 lumps of sugar, stir in 1 dessertspoonful of flour and mix well with 2 cupfuls of meat stock. Bake in the oven until the apples are soft.

CHEF'S SCRAP BOOK

POACHED LAMB

Start by roasting your joint of lamb or mutton in the usual way, having previously stuck into the meat a few small pieces of garlic. When half cooked (the length of time depends on the size of the joint) remove, and transfer on to a clean roasting dish lined with bacon. Surround the meat with mushrooms—the field variety should be on the market and therefore not too expensive—sprinkled with salt, pepper, chopped chives and parsley, pour over 1 cupful of meat stock (meat cubes dissolved in vegetable stock), cover with another roasting dish, and leave in a hot oven until the meat is cooked to your liking.

Serve with rice and french beans and the next day cold with marrow and tomato salad.

HOLTON BEANS

Cover the bottom of a fireproof dish with cooked runner beans sliced lengthwise into thin strips; cover with ½ cupful of white sauce. Having kept the water in which the beans were cooked, bring 2½ cupfuls of it to the boil and pour in 1 cupful of rice. When the liquid is absorbed, mix well into the rice ½ cupful of hot white sauce, and with it cover the beans. Next arrange slices of tomato over the rice, and finally place on top margarine shavings. Leave in a medium oven for 10 minutes.

BEEF À LA MODE

Fry a joint of beef whole (assuming it to weigh from 2 to 3 lb.) for 20 minutes in a frying pan. Do both sides. Strain off the fat, and put the meat into a saucepan with ½ glass of water and 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar. Bring to the boil, and turn the meat occasionally until nearly all the liquid has been absorbed; then add 2 pints of vegetable stock, salt, pepper, and parsley. Bring to the boil once more and skim three times before transferring to a medium to hot oven for 4 hours. After the first 2 hours, add 1 cupful of diced carrots and 1 cupful of onions cut into quarters. Serve with the vegetables and the gravy strained over the meat.

This dish is excellent cold.

AUTUMN CASSEROLE

Cut 2 lb. of cabbage heart into slices, having first removed the hard centre. Cover with boiling salted water and leave until tender. Strain and put in a clean frying pan over a low flame to draw off the surplus water. Next chop ½ lb. of onions and fry them for 15 minutes in 3 oz. of fat; add 3 oz. of flour, stir until absorbed, and pour over ½ pint of cold milk. Mix while bringing to the boil and salt to taste. Peel and cut into slices 1 lb. of very ripe tomatoes. Arrange in a deep fireproof dish layers of the creamed onions, cabbage and tomatoes, the top layer being of tomatoes. Sprinkle with grated cheese and reheat in a hot oven for 10 minutes.

SOHO SAMPLE

Cut up any white fish into equal portions and fry them in 2 oz. of margarine for 5 minutes on each side, then add 1 tablespoonful of flour, and when the flour is absorbed 2 cups of vegetable stock, 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar, a bay leaf, salt and pepper, and boil for 10 minutes.

Have ready 1 cup of boiled diced carrots, 1 of cauliflower flowerets and 1 of shredded celery. Arrange them in a fireproof dish round the fish, pour the sauce over and leave in a hot oven for 10 more minutes.

NIGGER HEADS

Reconstitute 3 eggs with milk instead of water; stand the bowl in boiling water and whisk vigorously with 3 oz. of sugar. Remove to a cool place and whisk once more. Add 4 oz. of sieved flour and 3 drops of rum essence. Grease and sprinkle with flour, small individual cake tins and half fill with the mixture. Leave for 30 minutes in a low to medium oven, by which time they should be a nice golden colour and have risen well above the edge of the tins. Remove, and when cold turn out, split in half, spread with chocolate icing (recipe given in our August issue) and cover the tops with the sauce.

CASANOVA SPECIAL

Scrape and peel 1 carrot, 1 onion and 1 celery stick. Chop them up. Add 1 rasher of bacon and fry them in 2 oz. of margarine. Then cover with milk and boil for a few minutes, pass through a sieve and add 2 tablespoonfuls of tomato purée.

Bring to the boil half a cauliflower in salted water, strain and break it up into little bunches. Put them in a saucepan with 2 pints of stock (vegetable water with meat cubes). Add the purée and 1 teaspoonful of chopped herbs, and let it boil until the cauliflower is cooked. Add salt and pepper to taste and serve with grated cheese.

Harriet Muir

APPLE SOUFFLÉ

Grate enough apples to fill 2 breakfast cups; mix in 2 oz. of creamed margarine, ground ginger and sugar to taste (rum or lemon essence might be preferred to ginger), 3 oz. of flour and 3 reconstituted eggs, beaten up. Grease a soufflé dish, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, fill with the mixture, and leave in a medium oven for 30 minutes.

Pretty Pickles

PICKLED GREEN TOMATOES

Choose only healthy and small green tomatoes; prick each one in three or four places with a needle and arrange in jars. Pour over them lukewarm vinegar which has been previously brought to the boil with salt and sugar and a laurel leaf. (1½ dessertspoonfuls of salt and 1 dessertspoonful of sugar to each pint of vinegar.) Add a few peppercorns and keep the tomatoes below the level of the liquid by inserting small sticks across the inside of the mouth of the jars. Tie with grease-proof paper. Should the liquid thicken after a time, pour it away, clean the tomatoes and the jars, and cover with clean vinegar as above.

PICKLED CABBAGE (SAUERKRAUT)

Shred finely sufficient cabbage heart to fill a 7 lb. earthenware jam jar or other suitable receptacle, and pour over it cold, salted water previously brought to the boil. (4 oz. salt to 3½ pints of water.) Place a weight on top of the cabbage and leave in a warm place for a fortnight, straining off, and replacing the same liquid every second day. Remove scum regularly. Finally, remove to a cool place, preferably an outhouse, as the smell is unpleasant in the house.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS

The cucumbers must be small and very fresh. Soak in water overnight, cut off the ends and make an incision lengthwise in each one. Arrange vertically in jars with, if liked, a few cloves of garlic between, and cover with lukewarm, salted water previously brought to the boil. (1 tablespoonful of salt for each pint of water.) Keep the cucumbers low in the jar by means of sticks (see "Green Tomatoes"), seal with grease-proof paper and leave for two or three days in the sun or other warm place. Open the jars every day for the first week and stir well to give air, then store in a cool, dark place which must be dry. The cucumbers should thus keep for a few months but must be watched as their behaviour is uncertain in this climate.

He looks angelically peaceful, but is not always the little seraph. His mother sometimes wonders if he will grow up to be a

Difficult Child

DIFFICULT children, like their elders, can be divided into two groups. Those whose nervous make-up is of a genuinely delicate kind and those who have never made the acquaintance of self-discipline.

Working in a day nursery has consolidated my opinion that few so-called difficult children cannot, with discipline and understanding, be converted rapidly from problem children into normal and even adaptable human beings.

No criticism of motherly care is implied in the assertion that many difficult children are discovered to be far less difficult away from the indulgent atmosphere of home and the anxious attention which the over-conscientious mother cannot withhold. Nor is it true that the discipline which is practised in a nursery presided over by trained personnel is inelastic or harsh in any way.

The fact is that children, however young, are sensitive to atmosphere and intuitive in their recognition of authority. The child who harasses his mother with displays of temperament in various forms will, in a great number of cases, succumb to the gentle but adamant authority of the nursery.

One of the commonest types encountered in the day nursery is the child who will not take his food. Investigation generally shows that if there is no medical reason for this, the small hunger striker is probably an only child who is suffering from nothing more serious than an attack of ego stimulated by an overdose of affectionate solicitude at home.

The power of example is a great thing. So also, in these cases, is an undeviating routine. Little newcomers who are introduced to the nursery as difficult feeders—"I have a terrible time getting him to eat, nurse"—frequently put up a fight at first. But when mealtime comes and the refusal to eat fails to create any noticeable atmosphere of crisis, hunger strikers will almost always follow the example of the crowd.

Amongst toddlers, the organized occupation of nursery life has proved to be an important factor in dealing with temperamental difficulties. Boredom is the explanation of a lot of naughtiness. I have had personal experience of dozens of children who have been brought to the nursery with a reputation for hopeless intractability and who, given the stimulating company of other children of their own age and, in occupation, an outlet for their activity, become model members of the nursery community.

Many children, whose behaviour otherwise is exemplary, are bad sleepers.

It was the practice in our nursery to give these over-restless types as much rest as possible. They were encouraged to read and build with bricks instead of playing boisterous games before rest time. When the rest period came along, it was a hard and fast rule that non-sleepers were to lie still. Frequently after a week or two of this and a routine in which they were never allowed to overtax themselves, there was a great improvement.

Superiority and inferiority complexes flourish equally among our small clientele, though not always showing themselves in easily detectable forms.

Children who are persistently aggressive in their endeavours to outdo others in deeds of daring are often found to be new to child companionship and rather awed by it. A firm insistence upon our conviction that they are not inferior in accomplishments to the rest generally brings an end of these troubles.

The superiority type is a little harder to handle. His egotism has to be curbed without obstructing its normal development. But if it is any comfort to parents of difficult children, few of our nursery problem cases have proved to be beyond the influence of sympathy meted out in equal proportion to wholesome discipline.

L. K.

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JAM CRACKERS

Rub 1 oz fat into 8 ozs flour, add 1 teaspoon baking powder and pinch of salt, and mix into stiff dough with cold water

Roll out thinly and cut into strips. Prick with fork and bake in hot oven for 6-10 minutes. Spread jam thickly between two strips and decorate with jam on top.

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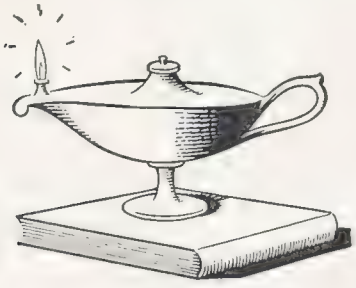

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Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these war years. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined.

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Campaign For COMFORT

Burst pipes are out for me

PSYCHOLOGISTS may say that you can think yourself into being warm on a cold day. I admire their optimism and bow to their superior knowledge, but in this, the sixth winter of war, I intend to dispense with psychology and make sure of being comfortable by getting organized.

Burst pipes, draughts and dampness, cold beds and cold feet are out for me.

The first job in the comfort campaign is to get in the builder's man before the winter really starts. This means ordering him now.

The geyser, the kitchen boiler, fireplaces and chimneys are getting an overhaul to ensure that I get a maximum standard of efficiency where and when I most need it.

My own bit of handyman business will consist in making a winter overcoat for the large water tank which always delights to freeze up before all other water tanks. A good packing of hay or straw is going next to the tank with sacking outside. The same covering is going on the feed pipes in the loft and some of the more exposed pipes outdoors.

No amount of psychology or organization either is likely to restore my rubber hot water bottle to a usable condition, but I am laying in a stock of stone ones—with some spare parts in the way of new washers—and an old wool jumper and a pair of passé pants are marked off to be converted into covers for them.

Glamour in bed is off my schedule for this winter and my hand-knitted vests of the two winters past are on their way to becoming bed socks.

Shoes are going to the menders in good time for repair operations and good sound soles before the cold weather begins. A small lambskin, bought without coupons, has already gone to the glovers to make warm mitts. The piece left over is big enough to make a pair of slippers, which I shall put together myself, aided by a pair of those soles that you can buy without coupons.

Lighting around the house will need some reorganizing. Last year the endeavour to save current led to our passing the winter in a partial dim-out which proved to be as bad for our morale as it was for our eyesight.

A little adaptation will enable me to assemble table lamps at strategic points, so that light will be concentrated wherever it is most needed for reading and sewing. One lamp on my dressing table and one beside the bed will suffice for the bedroom, and they will seldom be on together. In the dining-room there will be one on the table. No more than that.

The coal situation threatens to set some awkward problems in the near future but I am putting easy chairs in the kitchen so that we can utilize the heat from the kitchen range on occasional evenings, and save the sitting-room fire.

Another job for the builder is to build up the back and sides of the sitting-room grate, which was never built for war, so that my small daily allotment of coal gives me a large fire in a small grate rather than a small fire in a large grate.

This may not be a spectacular schedule of operations but I hold that it is sound. By thinking ahead and preparing for everything uncomfortable I hope to neutralize winter's sting. Perhaps there is something in what the psychologists say because I already feel a comfortable glow at the thought of it.

I am laying in a stock of stone hot bottles

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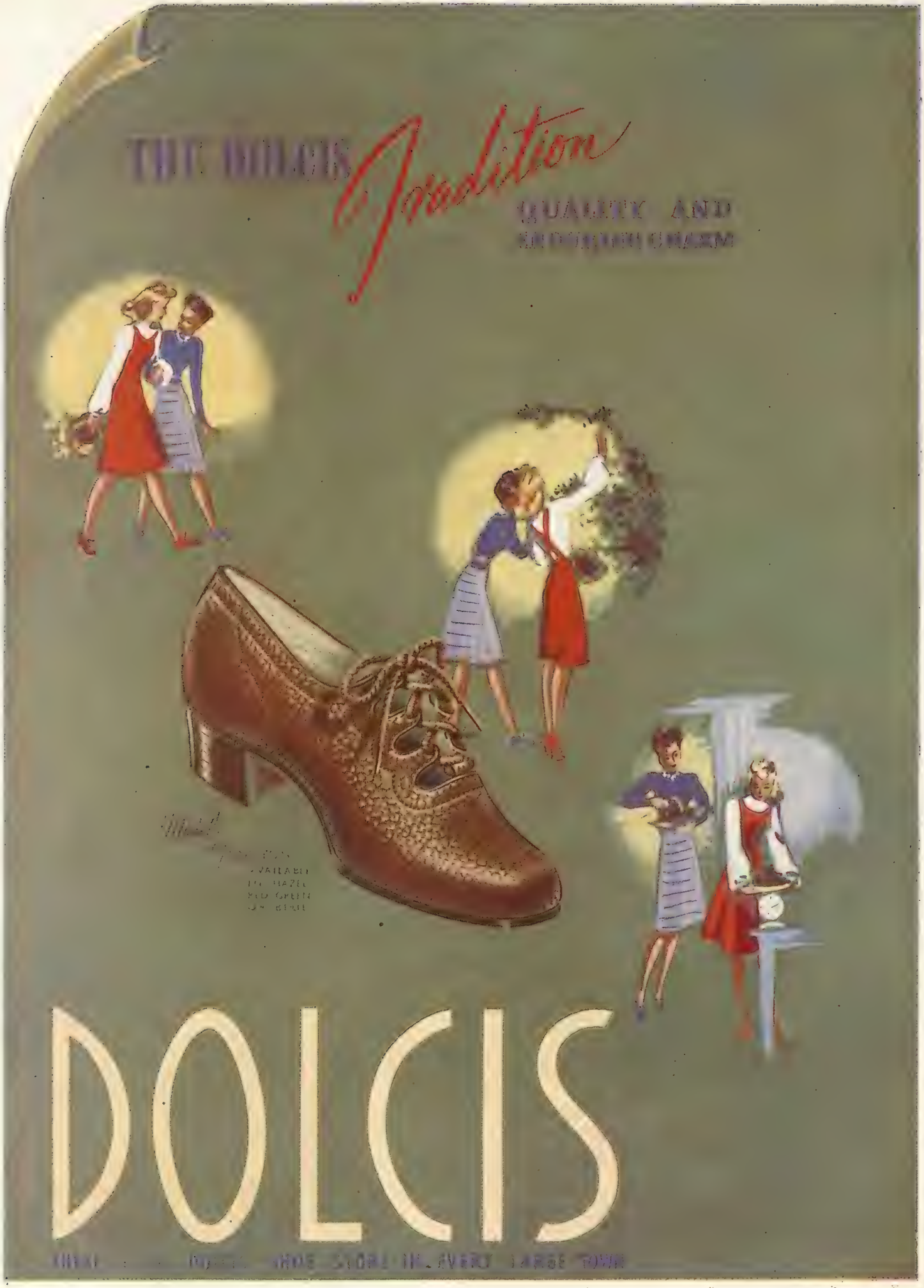

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War And The Weather

(*Continued from page 20*)

to be reckoned with; and if the Spanish fleet, when it arrived off the Lizard a week before its final destruction with the wind in its favour, had been commanded by a sea-dog of Devon instead of a Spanish hidalgo like Medina Sidonia, more soldier than seaman, not a doubt but it would have forced a battle within Plymouth Sound—with, probably, a very different result. The contrary wind which thwarted Lord Howard in his plan for sailing in search of the enemy was also, as it proved, greatly to his advantage; as much so as the gales which wrought such havoc among the plunging, unwieldy, battle-torn sea-castles of Spain, and strewed the coasts of Scotland and Ireland and the outer isles with their timbers and the bodies of their seamen.

IT has been said of Nelson that, generally speaking, he was not over fortunate in his weather; and, in fact, his true greatness as a seaman lay very largely in his flair for snatching victory from the very jaws of disaster. Over and over again in his career this quality is manifest—before Toulon, for example, where the very stress of weather which drove his ships into harbour and seemed to have snatched the fruits of his vigilance for ever from his grasp gave him in the long run the triumph of the Nile. And of this quality Trafalgar is perhaps the finest as it was the final example. The weather at Trafalgar, as a master alike of prose and of seamanship, Joseph Conrad, has written, was not unfavourable, it was dangerous. "For some forty minutes the fate of the great battle hung upon a breath of wind. Had the wind failed and the fleet lost steerage way, or, worse still, had it been taken aback from the eastward—nothing could have saved the headmost ships from capture or destruction." But Nelson was—Nelson! Where a Calder or a Byng might hesitate, Nelson dared; and his daring seldom, if ever, failed to justify itself gloriously.

And so the tale goes on. Despite the triumphs of invention and the wisdom of meteorologists, the weather still defies and mocks the plans of generals and admirals just as it did when Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter in order that his ships might sail for Troy. With the passing of "stick and string" from our fighting fleets, many authorities foretold that the weather would no longer be a question to be taken into account in a naval engagement. Recent experience in two great wars, on the contrary, tends to suggest that it is, if anything, even more important a consideration than it has ever been.

Winds and tides, mists and calms, storm and tempest—all these still remain the one incalculable factor to be reckoned with by the inventions of man. And still, over and over again, courage and resource and the knowledge of the sea prove how the very unforeseen contingency which threatens ruin to some daring venture can often be not only overcome, but even turned to account in the shaping of victory.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

deeply wounded Shere Afkun's pride, but he said nothing. When he saw that three omrahs came forward, he dismounted and, without a moment's hesitation, went straight to the Emperor and said: "I would respectfully suggest that the use of lethal weapons against an unarmed creature is not different from an act of cowardice; if nature has given limbs and sinews to man less strong than a tiger, it has imparted to him reason and power of thinking: that should balance the deficiency of physical strength. Is there any one here who would like to meet the tiger without using weapons?"

A general silence followed, and when he repeated his proposal, all declined the offer, to which Afkun replied: "Very well, I will."

Discarding his weapons and everything that could hamper his movements, he took up his position on a piece of flat ground near a wood from which the animal was expected to appear. At a given signal the drums of the beaters forced the magnificent creature out of the wood. On beholding its enormous size, Jehangire's eyes gleamed with malicious expectation: he was sure that no man had the slightest chance of surviving a contest against such a specimen.

Afkun advanced slowly, while the tiger stood still, growling menacingly. As soon as he was within a few feet of the beast it sprang at its adversary; Shere Afkun, with the promptness of a toreador, dodged the frontal attack and threw himself on the back of the animal, but the tiger was quicker. Together they rolled on the ground in a succession of actions so rapid that it was difficult to follow what was happening. For an instant they became detached: Afkun was bleeding from several wounds. Again he attacked the tiger, and this time he succeeded in gripping the beast round the throat with his left arm, pressing with all his might. The strangulation, however, was not enough to kill, for the neck of such a tiger is like the trunk of a tree, but it compelled the animal to keep its jaws wide open. Then, the most astounding thing happened! Shere Afkun thrust his right hand and forearm into the mouth of the tiger as far as it would go, blocking the windpipe. The struggle grew more frantic: they were one undetachable body, rolling, jumping and wrestling in a mortal embrace. It had seemed an eternity, when the tiger began to show signs of relaxing. Not so with Afkun whose left arm relentlessly kept the neck of the tiger as in a vice, and his right down its throat almost up to the elbow. At last the spasmodic convulsions of the animal in agony marked the beginning of the end, until, with a final shudder, the last atom of its prodigious vitality vanished. For a while Shere Afkun lay motionless by the side of the vanquished opponent.

Jehangire, who had followed the contest with bated breath, dared to hope that Afkun would not rise, but his secret aspiration was soon shattered: Afkun arose; his step was unsteady, he was torn, battered, bleeding profusely, but he was alive. The Mogul historian, who has described the scene in every detail, adds that the fame of Shere Afkun for this astonishing feat spread all over the Empire, and the Emperor himself had to express his highest admiration.

JEALOUSY was eating away every feeling of human decency in Jehangire. His passion for Mher-ul-Nissa was growing daily stronger, and the mere sight of her by the side of another man made him want to murder the whole world if by doing so he could have gained the woman he wanted.

Several months elapsed, and his mind was still labouring to find a plan which would accomplish this purpose, when he heard of yet another of Afkun's miraculous escapes. One of his faithful officials, hoping to gain favour with the Emperor, had hired forty assassins, and sent them to Shere Afkun's country house, where he had gone for a vacation. They had found him asleep, but one of them, seized with sudden shame, had shouted to the others: "What kind of men are we, forty against one, and only brave enough to tackle him while he sleeps?" That was enough! . . . Afkun sprang up, ran to a corner of the room, and with his sword slew six of them, wounded some others, whilst the rest took to their heels. At last Afkun realized that his life was threatened, so he returned to Bengal and resumed his residence at Burdwan. (*Continued on page 54*)

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TOOTH PASTE

Old Tales Re-told

On his arrival there he was informed that the Governor of that province wished to pay him an official visit. Afkun immediately went to meet him on the outskirts of the town. As soon as the elephant carrying the Governor had approached, a pikeman from the incoming retinue struck violently at Afkun's horse. Realizing in a flash that this could be only the result of superior orders, Afkun rushed his horse towards the richly caparisoned elephant, dragged the Governor down and killed him outright, then faced the rest of his antagonists. In no time five of them were struck down, and when he challenged the others, a volley of shots and a hail of arrows struck down this great hero. Jehangire's wishes had been fulfilled, and now the field was free for him to claim the beautiful widow.

She was taken to the seraglio at Delhi, pending Jehangire's decision. Was it shame or remorse, or now that the obstacle had been removed, that he lacked his previous enthusiasm for this much desired woman? The fact is that time was passing without his taking any further step.

Meanwhile, in her seclusion, Mher-ul-Nissa occupied her time in making many embroideries of such singular beauty that she gained great fame in that art.

One day, in the coolness of her favourite veranda, she was reclining on a couch. The excessive heat of an Indian afternoon and the solitude had made her discard the flimsy muslin garment she had been wearing. A sweet and peaceful sleep had overtaken her when, noiselessly, the curtains behind her were drawn apart. Becoming aware of someone's presence, she turned, and there, standing before her, she beheld Jehangire in person! Surprised, she sprang up, and hastily donned her dress, and having regained her composure, she waited for him to break the silence. Stepping forward he said: "I knew only that you were the most beautiful woman of the Empire, but I never knew that one day I would behold a divinity." He held out his hand to her, offering at the same time to make her his Empress. Refusal was impossible, suicide was the only alternative, and when she saw this powerful Emperor humbly waiting with outstretched hand, she understood that he was completely under her spell, and that through his power she could easily perform, for the benefit of the entire nation, what he alone would never do. So she consented.

Soon after this, proclamations were issued for the marriage of the Emperor with the proud widow of the great hero.

The name of the Empress was changed from Mher-ul-Nissa to Noor Mahil (the light of the harem), then changed again for that of Noor Jehan (the light of the world): a well-deserved name, for it was she who inspired all the innovations and the laws that made the Mogul Empire the most prosperous of all Mohammedan history.

Jehangire had raised her to the lofty position of an Empress, surrounded her with all that the most advanced ambitions could conceive, yet, often she repeated to herself the words she had uttered when the lifeless body of her husband, riddled with bullets and pierced with arrows, was brought before her. "All the treasures of the world will never compensate me for the loss of my Shere Afkun."

END

After Hitler—Whom?

(*Continued from page 15*)

dance with the "official channel" at parties, and refrain from being rude to his shrewish blonde wife.

ALBERT EINSTEIN has been proposed as first President of a post-Hitler German republic, on the precedent of President Paderewski of Poland after World War I. So has William Sollmann, the radical Rhineland politico-editor, who took over Cologne in the 1918 revolution, formed the first German Workers' and Soldiers' Council, was Minister of the Interior under Chancellor Stresemann, and is now a naturalized American citizen. But Bruening has more backers than any other.

A prescient man, Heinrich Bruening, trade union organizer, last-war machine-gun commander, then Catholic Zentrist, deputy party leader, and, as Chancellor in 1930-31, virtual dictator by Hindenburg decree. He failed to use his powers to liquidate the Nazis, but the latter nearly liquidated him in the 1934 blood purge—he got over the frontier just in time. Safe in America, he forecast a period of world disorder and gangster politics, and thereafter fell silent. Harvard University gave him sanctuary and a salary as professor of history. A soft-voiced, scholarly man, with brooding eyes in a priest's ascetic face, he remains a bachelor, averse to money, fame, love.

SLIP back again twenty-five years. Enter the tank park of an A.-of-O. Rhineland garrison. Hold up the magic mirror to those chatting, knowing young people by P-13. What does it reflect that was concealed from them then?

A procession of smoke-stack barons, bankers, bureaucrats, professors, reactionaries and imperialists, the *herrenvolk* core, slipping back to their key places of control in the economic, educational and government realms. They exchange grim nods. "Now we must work and wait. A time will come again."

Here's Ludendorff, in Sweden, telling his wife that the republic is doomed because it failed to execute him. In the Adlon Hotel, before leaving, he founded the General Staff for the next war. Its secret headquarters are in the Potsdam state archives.

Here, in the War Ministry in Berlin, General von Seeckt, courteous, compact, monocled, is explaining to his Number One that by using the American-invented selection procedures the new 200,000-strong Reichswehr can be built of the best soldier material in Germany, trained and organized as the nucleus of a war engine which can be rapidly expanded to the limits of the man-power of a nation of seventy millions. "Major Loeb will work secretly on the war-industries programme."

Here's the air ace, Goering, muttering what eighteen years later he was to say openly to Ambassador Henderson at Nuremberg: that after all Germany was the principal beneficiary of the war, because from it she gained a unity inconceivable without such a war and such a defeat.

And here, from the murky depths of a Munich regimental barracks, wiggles a long-nosed, cadaverous, hungry creature, the lance-corporal Adolf Hitler, primed by a short politico-military-intelligence course, going forth now to spy on workers' meetings, and report, and incidentally discover his own powers of mass-persuasion and political manipulation.

But in 1919 the magic glass would not have shown the link between all these, the weaving of the pattern, the start of a cancer which ultimately would swell into the monstrous growth of a demonic German Fuehrer with a torch to set the world ablaze.

Will history repeat itself?

If it does, the magic glass would reveal the same hidden realities to a new generation of young warriors, leaning relaxed against their tanks and on their guns in German cities, thinking wishful thoughts, disposing easily of the long future in terms of what they see around them to-day.

Back into their slots, to wait patiently for time to swing the wheel full circle again, drop the men who comprise the might-is-right, expand-or-die Germanic core outside the Nazi Party; and underground sink the picked young men trained in Ordensburgen and Fuehrer School, technically trained in the art and science of secret resistance and revolutionary groups.

And here, from a laboratory in a grubby back street, unknown, insignificant, unnoticed, wiggles the next Messiah, Ernst Schmidt, with a new creed, (*Continued on page 56*)

"I GIVE YOU THE RECIPE, MY GOOD ATKINS . . . "

Dr. Oliver's bequest to his favourite coachman, just prior to his death in 1764, gave to the world a biscuit which has never been equalled for crispness and quality — *Bath Oliver*. War-time conditions make them a little scarcer today, but full supplies will again be available when peace is here.

Fortts

ORIGINAL

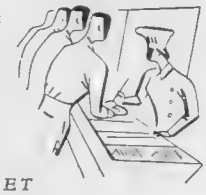
BATH OLIVER

BISCUITS

ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

If the Victorian "little woman" was thrown on her own resources she opened a little cake shop, produced some Maids of Honour tarts, and felt that fate had dealt her an unkind blow. But she kept her apron gophered, her parting combed straight, and used her Atkinsons Eau de Cologne while she waited for someone to come and marry her. To-day's "little woman" may also turn to cookery, but she supervises a works' canteen providing meals for several hundreds daily; and she plans, buys, supervises and fills in ration forms without turning a hair. And when she gives her mind to romance, she too loves Atkinsons exquisite fragrance; but unless she has a little saved we're afraid she'll have to do without Atkinsons until after the war, because manufacture has now ceased. We're sorry!



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What is wrong with this picture?

Look carefully, there's a whole lot wrong. For example, imagine a station having ninety platforms (anyway, where's this platform gone?), or a train calling at London, Manchester *and* Plymouth? What are those wheels doing near the handle of the barrow? And look what the barrow is carrying—a case with the handle on the wrong side and a huge box of Caley FORTUNE Chocolates. How impossible! No FORTUNE Chocolates are being made now—and won't be—'till Caley's factory is rebuilt. You can however, still buy Norwich Chocolate. (Another error? Yes—Pullman cars are not for public use these days).

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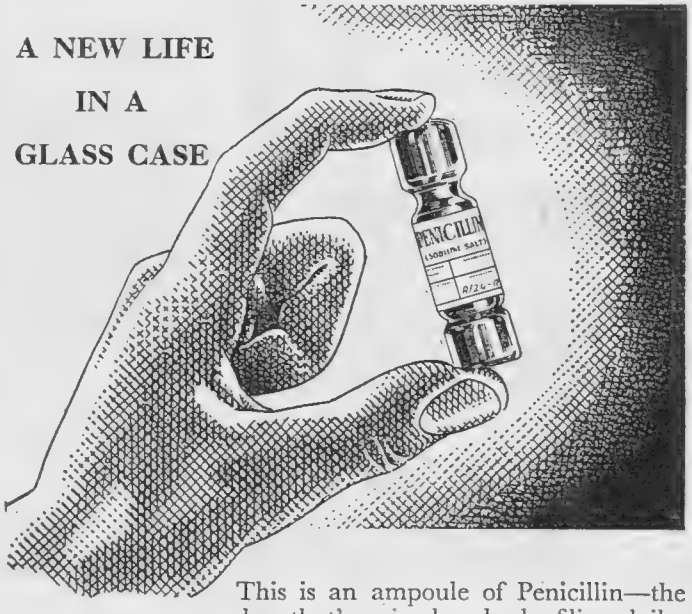

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The urgent large scale production of Penicillin would be impossible without Refrigeration and air conditioning equipment.

Much of this equipment has been specially designed by us.

Similarly we shall develop new ideas for refrigeration in post-war homes.

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Guard against—*Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums.* Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans Anti-pyorrhœa Astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home. See your dentist regularly.

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PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Stores. Large size 9/6.

Schmidtism, under his rather shabby cap.

Schmidtism? It's the same as Bismarckism, Kaiserism, Hitlerism—a war technique that promises success. Bismarck's way was too slow and cautious for the war-party Wilhelm II headed, but they blundered through failing to utilize fully and in time the resources of engineers. Hitler saw the flaw and gave the engineers their head, but—as Schmidt in due course will whisper in the willing ears of the *herrenvolk*—his blunder was not to utilize secrecy and science 100 per cent.

How will the new Messiah go to work? Possibly he will draw on the ideas of Professor Banse (who in his 1932 book—which nobody read—neatly charted the course of the Hitlerian war up to the end of 1940). Adopting Banse's theory of bacteriological war, Schmidt may breed a lethal virus, immunize the Germanic tribes, then suddenly spray the virus on neighbouring tribes before they can

After Hitler—Whom?

discover and organize an effective defence.

Fantastic? But from the 1919 time-spot weren't the twenty-five-years-distant phenomena of Hitler, radar, buzz-bombs, ten-ton rocket shells, and the rest, too fantastic for credence?

By reference to past patterns, Dr. Schmidt should arrive in time to revive the Germanic lust for European and/or world conquest around A.D. 1970-1975. Provided, of course, that the victorious Allies of the war of 1939-1944? provide him with the necessary base by leaving seventy or eighty million Germans compressed in a single explosive political bloc in a geographical space only twice the size of England.

But perhaps we shan't make the same error twice. Maybe Stalin won't let us.

END

The Cat Of The Repulse

(*Continued from page* 28)

was sitting. "Why don't yer sye somefin'?" he asked, and saw the cat's eyes blink like a pair of far-away lights. "Hon board you wos ferhever caterwaulin' and yellin' yer 'ead hoff. Why don't yer do some hof hit naow?"

Joe kept on talking to the cat. It was the only way to fight the nausea and the sudden fear he felt gnawing on his insides.

As long as he could see the cat's large eyes there near him in the deep moonless dark, the fear would not grow on him. He had to keep the cat from falling asleep. He kept on talking until his teeth began to chatter and a wave of cold swept away the fever that had been burning in him.

HE felt the raft give a sudden, violent lurch and was astonished to see that it was daylight once more.

Another slight shudder went through the raft and there was a sound beside him as if a hand had slapped a flat board. He turned his head and felt his eyes grow large. Jonesey was trying to hold down a violently flopping fish.

Joe understood what had wakened him. A flying fish had jumped into the raft and Jonesey had pounced upon it. Joe watched the cat sink his teeth into the finny neck of the flying herring.

Joe Litchfield turned slowly over until he rested on his hands and his one good knee. He inched towards Jonesey. The cat stopped eating and watched him, his ears back and his teeth bared. "Go hewye," Joe croaked. The cat did not budge. Joe reached for the tail of the fish. The cat snarled and lashed out. The sharp claws left three deep scratches on the back of the man's hand, but he moved back a little, though still hissing and spitting defiance.

Joe wolfed the raw fish down until nausea stopped him. He breathed hard to hold the meal down. His eyes fell on Jonesey, who was watching him wearily. Joe grinned wistfully.

"'Ere." He tossed what was left of the fish to the cat. "Arter owl, you caught 'im, yer did."

The nausea left him after a while, but the fever remained, and with it the thirst.

A new fear began to grow on Joe as he looked into the eyes of the cat. They were wide with growing madness. What if Jonesey became crazy? Dogs went mad with the heat, didn't they? He had never heard of a cat going crazy, but then he didn't know much about cats anyhow. He knew from experience, though, what Jonesey could do with his claws and teeth. Perhaps it would have been better after all if he had drowned the cat while he had had the chance.

Jonesey, his tongue lolling, looked at him suspiciously. Joe Litchfield averted his eyes.

Relief came late in the afternoon—a solid cloud-bank, enveloping the horizon on all sides. At the same time the sea had begun to rise. With a peal of far-off thunder came the rain.

Joe shouted and lifted his face to the big, heavy drops that fell like pellets on his inflamed skin. Then he remembered his battle bowler. He tore the rubber cushions out of it and tilted it upside down. In a minute it was full to the brim. He gulped the whole of it before he thought of Jonesey. The cat was shaking himself in the pelting rain, but the insane look was gone from his eyes.

"Come 'ere, Jonesey. Nice cat. Nice water, see?" Joe swished the water in the helmet invitingly.

Jonesey came closer gingerly, still distrustful. Finally thirst conquered caution. He began to lap greedily while Joe steadied the helmet for him with one hand. With the other he stroked the wet cat. Jonesey looked up in surprise, but for the first time he did not fly into a rage at the man's touch.

And after they had drunk their fill once more, the cat sat down close to the sailor. Jonesey might have been looking merely for some protection against the rain, yet it was a friendly gesture. Joe took it for just that.

"Has yer prob'ly knows well henuff, I hates cats, I do," he said. "But hon second t'ought, yer hain' 'arf bad fer a shipmyte, yer hain't, Jonesey, hol' boy."

AFTER that Joe lost all reckoning of time. He could not have said whether it was the same day or a week later that he heard Jonesey's plaintive "Me-ra-ow" close to his ear.

"Go hewye," Joe whispered without opening his eyes.

The feline plaint continued. Joe looked up and found Jonesey staring at him anxiously. High overhead a few birds were circling and Joe wondered how they came to be there. He raised himself laboriously to one elbow. And then he saw the island.

Joe scrambled to his knees to see better. He grinned at the cat. "Looks good, wot? Fink we kin myke it, shipmyte?"

"Me-ra-ow," cried Jonesey and rubbed himself against his side.

Joe still wore his lifebelt, though the air was almost gone from it. He blew the belt up again, praying that it might hold together until he had solid ground under foot once again.

An anxious half-hour passed. Man and cat watched the slow progress of their craft towards the rocky haven. Then the raft began to swirl and slowly turn away from the isle again.

"This his hit, Jonesey, hol' boy. Come on."

Joe put the cat on his shoulder and slid overboard. His wounded leg seemed to weigh a ton, but he struck out bravely. The current was stronger than he had expected.

Despite all his efforts he felt himself being slowly pushed backwards along the reef towards the open sea. For a frantic moment he lost the co-ordination of movement and began to splash wildly. The claws of the cat dug deeper into his shoulder. Briefly he thought how pleasant it would be to give up the struggle and let himself sink. Then his hand touched a rocky surface. It immediately slipped out of reach again, but he grabbed with both arms and (*Continued on page* 58)

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Said MR. PEEK to MR. FREAN
" Pray tell me what this map may mean? "
Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK
" Vita-Weat's playing 'hide and seek' "

It's quite simple really. Vita-Weat is affected by the Government zoning scheme and is no longer obtainable in the North. Limited supplies are still available in the South, but although they are distributed with the utmost fairness, they often require a little 'seeking out'! Of course, Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean will be all over the map again as soon as the war is won.

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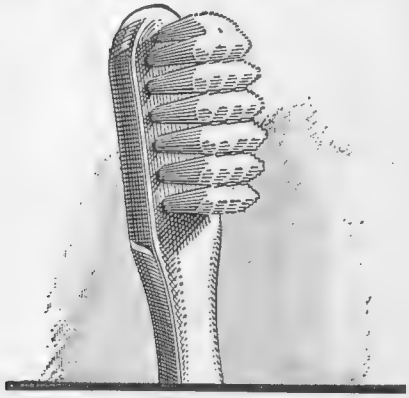

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found himself hugging a part of the reef, just below the water's surface.

He dragged himself up and tried to stand. His knees buckled under him. But even in a kneeling position his head was above water. He began to crawl, dragging the wounded leg after him. His knees were cut to ribbons by the sharp edges of the coral, but gradually he reached higher ground. He felt Jonesey leave his shoulder with a leap and knew he had gained the shore. He pitched forward on his face.

Something soft struck his face after a while. He looked up and there, a foot or two away, was Jonesey, his mouth bloody and full of feathers, and his eyes wide with the lust of the hunt. Jonesey carried a bird of some species unknown to Joe. It was still faintly moving its wings.

The sight gave Joe a sharp, hot stab in the stomach. He moved his shoulders and rolled over to one side. He stretched out his hand after the bird. To his surprise Jonesey made no effort to defend his booty. The cat's eyes merely watched the slow, stealthy move of the man's hand as it came closer and closer. At the last moment Jonesey dropped the bird and stepped back. He watched as Joe greedily grabbed the bird. Its eyes still fluttered once as Joe tore off its head. The warm blood trickling down his throat made him sick, but he kept sucking on the cadaver until it was dry and limp, like a squeezed lemon.

He felt better after the meal and dragged himself to higher ground until he reached the shade of a rocky outcropping. His wounded leg pained more now than it had in days. It was swollen to elephantine proportions and was beginning to turn black.

The wound fever overcame him again and he tossed deliriously through the days and nights that followed. Now and then, when he opened his eyes, he would find another bird beside him. Then one morning he awoke and his mind was momentarily clear again. He felt that this was the end and turned his head to see whether Jonesey was near. The big cat was sitting on an overhanging bluff nearby, absorbed in watching something below him that Joe could not see. He called, but Jonesey paid him no heed. Consciousness waned again and when Joe next saw the brown faces turned over him and heard the sounds of a strange language, he still thought he was dreaming.

One of the Malay fishermen noticed Joe's eyes flutter and smiled down on him. He shouted as people do when they want to make a stranger understand. "Cat—him smart. He call us from camp. We follow him—find you."

Joe grinned as he felt himself lifted up. And then followed a long row of cinematic impressions, as if in an ever-changing dream. The creaking of cordage and long sweeps of a native pajala. A clean Dutch hospital with a fat, jolly doctor and native male nurses. A hospital ship on board which, surprisingly enough, everybody spoke English. And whenever during those long weeks he opened his eyes, there was Jonesey sitting somewhere nearby, his large intelligent eyes anxiously fixed on Joe.

The Cat Of The Repulse

Unknown to himself, during all those weeks Joe had been just one jump ahead of the yellow-skinned invaders. Now once again, danger of imminent invasion had led to the hasty invasion of the overcrowded hospital at Port Moresby. The *Akaroa*, a little tramp steamer, was bringing the several hundred wounded men across the enemy-infested Coral Sea to the Australian mainland.

Joe had a moment of panic when the *Akaroa* was met by two escort planes. Though he could see the Union Jack plainly on their wings, Joe's heart stopped as one of them dived for the little ship. What he dropped was not a bomb, though, but a bundle of newspapers. And while most of them were nothing better than week-old copies of the *Brisbane Lightship and Coast Reporter*, the news-hungry men grabbed them greedily.

"This might interest you, Joe." The young Australian naval reserve doctor brought Joe one of the papers. The item the doctor indicated was what in newspaper parlance is known as a human interest story. Some sub-editor had done himself proud, telling how one of the *Repulse*'s midshipmen had swum for two hours with the wardroom cat perched on his shoulders before he was picked up by one of the destroyers that somehow had emerged unscathed from the hurricane of battle and death. A few of the enlisted men who in the disaster had found time and heart to save some others of the *Repulse*'s cats had been advanced in rating. Joe frowned as he slowly read the story.

"They probably will remember you, too, Joe. Of course, it would be only small compensation," the doctor added hastily after a quick glance at the stump of the amputated leg that was sticking out from beneath Joe's hospital coat. "But it would be nice, what?"

Joe shook his head. "I wouldn't be hentitled to nuvvin' like that, sir."

"But didn't you and that cat there come off the *Repulse* together?"

"Yes, but——" The little Cockney put his hand on the massive head of the big cat in his lap. "I didn't syve hol' Jonesey 'ere, nossir. I 'ad no mind to be bothered wit' no blasted cat when the hol' *Rep.* went down. Hin fact, hif the truf be known, sir, I hates cats. So 'elp me, I do, sir."

"Yes, I can see that," the doctor said dryly, and was turning away when he suddenly looked startled at the cat. He could have sworn the big tom had winked at him with a knowing grin.

END

When Britain Was A Roman Colony

(*Continued from page* 29)

to have been ignored until the twentieth century.

At Dorchester is perhaps the finest example of these villa-mansions. Seventeen rooms have been excavated with at least one perfect specimen of a tessellated pavement. A series of heated rooms led to the bathroom from which a waste pipe passed the water to rooms on lower levels, finally finding its way to a conduit outside—quite a simple way of washing the floors, but inconvenient if the mistress of the household is having a party when the master decides to have a bath.

At Chedworth the remains of walls several feet high are in a setting that enhances the charm and brings back to our imagination the life of those Romans of high degree who lived there close upon 2,000 years ago.

Bath, or *Aquæ Solis* as it was called until pagan gods were disinherited from these islands, possesses remains of the Roman baths at their most opulent.

Remains of Roman walled towns are still to be seen. The famous Newport Arch, at Lincoln, stands as it did when this city housed the "Spanish Legion," when Lincoln was one of the military centres of England. Walls at Colchester, Verulamium (the Roman city near which St. Albans was built) and York contain Roman masonry at their base.

Milestones bearing the name and titles of the emperor, and figures that we take for granted but are true Roman numerals, told the miles to the nearest town. Few bear a longer history than the famous London Stone, now resting after many upheavals in the wall of the church of St. Swithin, in Cannon Street. Sir Christopher Wren, after seeing the enormous foundations laid bare during the Great Fire of London, declared that it must have been placed there long before the Romans used it as their principal milestone.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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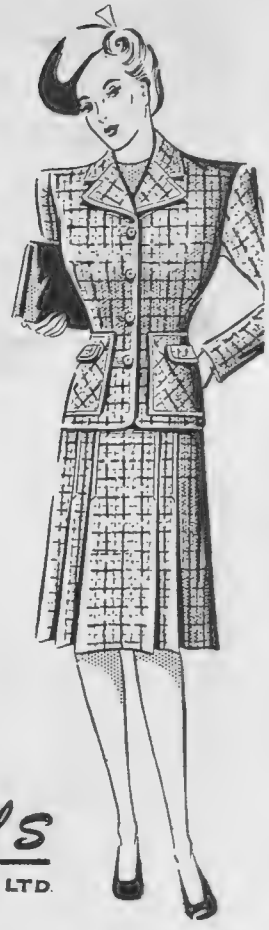

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1/3 and 2/2. Also made in Powder Form.

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

GIVE Miss Margery Sharp a somewhat wilful, unusual girl and a man only too humanly in love with her, and she will work wonders with her ironic wit. "Cluny Brown" (Collins, 8s. 6d.), darling of a planter uncle living at Notting Hill Gate, is the kind of girl who skips off to the Ritz, just to see what ritzy life is like, before serving dutifully as parlourmaid in the Devon home of Sir Henry and Lady Carmel. To Friar's Carmel also comes one Adam Belinski, Polish *littérateur* fleeing from Germany in '38; and it is obvious that polar attraction will soon deflect Cluny from Titus, the bachelor chemist she has befriended. She is a sunny figure—especially in her brief missives to uncle—and Belinski, in love, ripens deliciously in that sun, for the reader's entertainment. Definitely a tale to make one smile and forget to listen for buzz-bomb doodle-bugs.

Miss Vicki Baum is back in an hotel again. This time it is "Berlin Hotel" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), which houses a heavy gauleiter, a Gestapo commissar, a stiff-necked, monocled general of the old Junker school, a swaggering Luftwaffe pilot, a Nazi writer invariably drunk, a renegade English prisoner of war who broadcasts in return for shots of coramin, a poor dance girl who will do almost anything for shoes, and a lovely actress rich in conquests. Into this party comes a fugitive from the Gestapo who organized student opposition to the Nazis after fighting at Stalingrad. With this lot, how could there fail to be an eruption of love, drama, and melodrama? It's not just an hotel; it's a ready-made film set.

Shifting from south to north in the blitz about a thousand shipbuilders engaged on a battle cruiser were bound to produce hardships, injustices, grievances, labour and love troubles. Mr. Gordon Jeffery presses the whole industrial and emotional turmoil into "Job in the North" (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.), a realistic work of sincerity and distinction which will appeal specially to the millions in war industry. Souls as well as steel were hammered and riveted, but the great thing is—the job was done.

Mr. John Brophy keeps close to the war pulse. First a Libya patrol, then commandos, now the Malta epic in "Target Island" (Collins, 7s. 6d.), with the adventures and love stories of three Spit pilots, character studies of a Maltese boy, priest, and girl, Manuela, and a dramatic picture of a people under constant bombardment.

The drama underlying commonplace, small-town life at Reedyville, Alabama, and a quarter of a century of a representative family are mirrored in "The Looking-Glass" (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) by Mr. William March, who scored with "Company K." This copious chronicle of the Boutels, their loves, fortunes, and misfortunes, will interest all who like solid character in solid background etched in detail, with melodramatic climax.

A lighter touch leavens Mr. W. H. Lane Crauford's "Time Gentlemen, Please" (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.) which concerns the rather starchy families of Sir This and Sir That in the City, bad sons who run cars into lamp-posts after only two glasses of champagne at a wedding, and good ones who say "You cur—you cad—you—you traitor!" when the bad brother bags the about-to-be-betrothed. Much of the action takes place at a country hostelry run by a pal named Bill, and it is heady like the beer. The story, written with a sly humour, is a sure choice for suburban libraries, and should make a bright comedy film.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"The Wind and the Rain," by Joyce Horner (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.). A novel which tells the story of an English girl's first love.

"Come Lasses and Lads," by Margaret Maddocks (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). This first novel has freshness and charm. It will delight all those who remember happy days before the war, and who look forward to the return of pleasantness and gaiety to daily life.

"Delayed Action," by Nigel G. Tranter (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.). A story of the Scottish borderland and the plains and morasses of Eastern Europe.

END

The Terrible McTurk

(*Continued from page 19*)

any other way of explaining it. What I mean is, we've only got to be bundled out of half Europe to have some fat-headed leader-writer explain it airily away something like this: 'The German shock bowlers have certainly tumbled us out for a poor score in the first innings, but don't forget they'll soon be batting themselves on an increasingly sticky wicket and our second innings is yet to come."

Hallows found himself laughing.

"Now all this is an elaborate apology for the fact that I'm going to apply some cricket terms to you."

"If you've got anything to say I wish you'd get it over, sir," blurted out Hallows.

"Whoa! Whoa! That's you all over, Hallows, snatching at the ball, getting excited—worrying. That's the reason you were such a frightful flop when you first appeared in first-class cricket."

"I wasn't very bright, I must say," admitted Hallows.

"You were dismal—yes, I've followed your career pretty closely."

"Good Lord, sir, really——"

"It wasn't you personally I was interested in," continued the imperturbable wingco, "but it just happened many of your direst performances were given at Lord's, and I couldn't help seeing you. I noticed you, because I didn't think it possible for a boy with so many strokes to make so many mistakes."

Hallows grinned ruefully. "I agree it was a pretty poor show, sir."

"Then suddenly, something rather extraordinary happened—remember?"

"I don't suppose I shall ever forget it, sir."

"You suddenly began smacking Verity and Bowes against the rails with the ease of a Duleepsinhji. Then, of course, this blasted war came along, so I didn't see you any more until you joined the squadron. But what I'm going to ask you now, Hallows, is what caused that sudden change?"

Hallows shrugged his shoulders. "Well, sir, what *can* I say—it was just luck, either you have it or you don't."

"Bosh!"

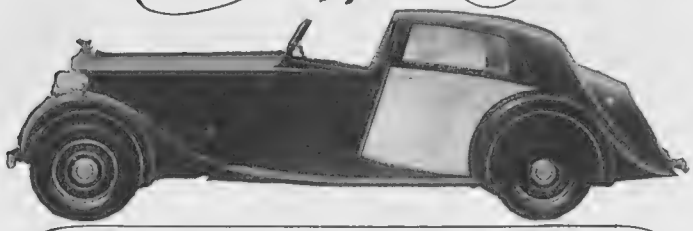
"You can't possibly know how it happened, sir," said Hallows, for he had the instinctive feeling that none but God and himself and the other man could possibly know.

"It happened one afternoon," stated the wingco, as if he had not spoken, "just after you'd made three miserable scraped-up runs, one off your wrist and two from the handle. You were going for a stroll round the back of the pavilion because you couldn't face any more well-meant sympathy from your pals. You ran straight into a little ferret-faced man with a sharp nose and twinkling blue eyes—at least you *thought* you ran into him, but in actual fact he ran into you, and timed it pretty smartly, like he timed everything. Right?"

Hallows did not answer.

"The man with the rather sharp features had an odd sort of proposition to make," the wingco went on inexorably. "Remember his words: 'You've had a lot of bad luck, sir, and I don't like to watch it. I want you to have a go with this bat, sir—oh, I know it looks kind of cracked in places, but what d'you expect after two centuries at Melbourne and one at Adelaide—oh, and what a ground *that* was, slimy as (*Continued on page 62*)

Coach Work



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soap in the morning with balls shooting past your boots, and hard as concrete two hours later so that if they hadn't already broken your ankle they'd make certain of your head, and all three times I should have been caught before I made double figures. Just try it to please me, and see what happens—honest, it's the luckiest bat I've ever had.' You hated taking the bat, didn't you?"

Hallows's eyes were looking on the ground.

"Then someone in the dressing-room happened to say: 'Saw you behind the pavilion talking to Jack Hobbs; blimey, I've always wanted to meet him—I say, what's that awful old relic of a bat you've got there?' It was only then you realized that the little man with the twinkling blue eyes and the pin-stripe blue suit was one of the finest gentlemen who have ever got England out of a hole—and when I say a hole, I mean an Australian-made hole, and that's a harder one to climb out of than anything Jerry can dig. The little man had disappeared by then, of course, and I can tell you why—he was having a glass of ale with me in the tavern. Together we watched you go out for your second innings. You were missed the very first ball by third man off Bowes. The second ball you stopped on your pads, and the third went skying just over extra cover's head. We saw you looking at that old bat as if it were a magic wand. You knew you'd made three wretched strokes, but instead of being out, there you were still standing in the July sunshine. The next ball you pulled for a four. The one after you glanced for two. That was over and we watched you staring at Hobbs's bat—that old hunk of willow that had walloped Grimmett and O'Reilly on their own grounds. Some bat. After that it seemed as if all the plum duff in your make-up had suddenly been changed to quicksilver. You walloped those lovely Yorkshire bowlers as if they'd been so much net practice. From that moment you became a real cricketer. I don't see why you should be so self-conscious about that story, Hallows."

Hallows ruffled his hair till it stood on end.

"It seemed so silly, sir, that's why, as if a lump of willow like a bat could make all that difference."

"The strangest things make bigger differences," said the wingco, "and the only thing that's silly is not to admit they do."

The wingco got up and rang the bell.

"I'm now going to do something which you will probably call extremely silly."

The door opened and a grey-haired batman entered.

"You rang, sir?"

"Bates—go into the library and bring me Wing Commander Warning's joy stick."

"Sir, if I may say——"

"Yes, Bates—exhibit seven—I know it's one of my treasures—bring it just the same."

"Yes, sir, but may I——"

The wingco raised his voice for the first time that evening. "Don't stand there dithering, Bates—go and do it.

"Tradition's a hell of a thing," he ruminated, "you've been a victim of its bad points. If I were as young as you—and as inexperienced—I think I'd crumple up at the very thought of being in the 301st. Damn it—Warning, Meyrick and Babe McGowan of the last war and then—Blake, Callagan, and Bell of this—it's hard for a boy to live up to, it's worse than facing Larwood bowling leg theory or Grimmett spinning them with the sun in your eyes. I don't blame you for feeling nervous. If I were a cricketer I'd scratch and poke and dig the wicket and be out for a duck every time we played."

Bates came back with a suffering expression on his face. In his hand was an old aluminium joystick of the 1917 variety.

"But what fellows are apt to overlook is that for every one Billy Warning we have at least twice as many potential Andy McTurks," continued the wingco. "And we sometimes forget in the scurry and scramble of this beastly war that it's up to us old 'uns to try and transform the McTurks of to-day into next week's Billy Warnings. Personally, I always had a warm feeling for McTurk—I think he was one of the finest triers the squadron's ever seen—but that, of course, is beside the point."

The Terrible McTurk

Bates coughed. "The joystick, sir. May I say, sir, that——"

"Thank you, Bates—no, you may not." The wingco took the stick and gave his batman a friendly push towards the door.

"Bates was my rigger in the last war," grinned the wingco, "he's been with me ever since. The other great friend I made in 1914-18 was Billy Warning himself. Just before he left on his last flight he gave me this." The wingco tapped the joystick in his hand. "It was salvaged from the plane he scored most of his victories in. 'I'm leaving this with you, Dick, to remember me by,' he said; 'throw it away if you haven't got room for it—but I've an odd feeling that some day, years hence probably—you'll need it.' I didn't like this line of talk so I began to laugh at him. 'I get the idea,' I chipped, 'in England's hour of danger just call on Billy Warning—and maybe Francis Drake as an afterthought.' I never saw Billy Warning again; I think he knew he was going on his last patrol.

"Anyway, Billy Warning's joystick's going into action again." He turned and looked Hallows full in the face. "Every time you feel it in your grip, remember the sort of man who held it last."

"But," protested Hallows, "you'll never fit this old tin can into a 1940 Hurricane."

The wingco's face became set. "At the risk of being pedantic, I would remind you that the word 'can't' is not known in the 301st. Right this moment I'm sending you away for a week's recuperative leave. When you come back it'll be fitted all right only this time I'm afraid Jack Hobbs is out of the secret, it'll be just you, me and Billy Warning."

HALLOWS went to Henley for his week's rest, during which the Battle of Britain swayed and rocked.

Hallows came back in the middle of a hot October day. The clear sky was bristling with destruction made in Germany. It seemed stupid somehow to fight and kill when God made skies like that for people to live and laugh under. Then Hallows gripped the joystick. . . .

He came down safely that day and went up the next.

In spite of all the efforts of the 301st and their brothers, the Germans were creeping nearer. The day came when the main aerodrome of the 301st found itself shadowed by enemy wings.

Rawson and Diggles and some officers from a nearby station were craning their necks into the autumn skies, contemptuous or fatalistic of the bombs that might at any moment start whining their death chant around them.

"Those are Messerschmitts all right," remarked one of the visitors, "and that is the new Heinkel job too, by Jove."

"About forty of them," said the stranger.

"My God—look!" gasped Diggles.

A lone white trail of vapour, which was a Hurricane, had appeared from the north, and was diving head on into the close formation.

"The fool's trying to kill himself," murmured Rawson.

"Crazy loon," said the first stranger admiringly, "crazy, but good."

"Who is he?" asked his friend.

"Oh, one of our kids," remarked Rawson with studied carelessness. "Fellow called Hallows—brought down twelve already—he'll take another crack at that bunch if you've time to wait."

"I'll wait—but I don't think they will."

Rawson was glad now he had encouraged the kid when he came back from leave. He owes a lot to me, thought Diggles, must have been that talking I gave him.

But Bates, the wingco's batman, was wondering why on earth his master had insisted on dragging out old Andy McTurk's joystick and pretending it was Billy Warning's. Not that the trick hadn't worked. Bates chuckled. It was the first and only dividend the Terrible McTurk had ever paid.

END

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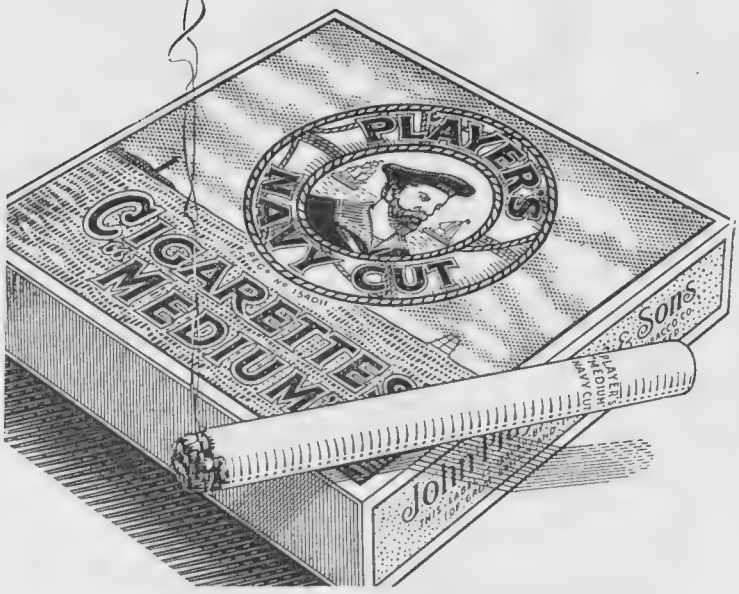

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are now
available
in Strictly
Limited
Quantities
'DANDERINE'
FOR THE HAIR

No Apron Strings

(*Continued from page 32*)

Not much of a part, of course, but she gets every ounce out of it. She'll make a hit one day soon. And she'll deserve it."

"She looked as though she was a worker," Claire said carefully.

"She's a plucky kid. She's all alone—parents been dead for years—and she keeps her end up."

"Is she in London now?" Claire asked.

"For a week. I thought we might get her down for the week-end if you hadn't any other plans."

Claire hesitated. But only for a second.

"Yes, do let's have her," she said.

"I'll phone in the morning," Richard said.

Claire was used to organizing her week-ends. You had to, if you lived in the country and your only domestic help was a daily woman and your nearest shop was three miles away. Janet was coming on Saturday afternoon. Early. So on Friday afternoon Claire cooked. She made cold puddings for the week-end. She made a rabbit pie. She dipped recklessly into her store cupboard.

The funeral bake-meats to deck forth the marriage feast, she thought grimly. The funeral of her life with Richard. That was what it looked like. Yet she couldn't appeal to him. No apron strings. Her creed was still firm.

On Saturday morning she helped the daily woman to clean the house. It looked its best in summer, with sunshine flooding the low-ceilinged, lattice-windowed rooms.

Janet arrived on the two o'clock bus. Richard went up the lane to meet her. Claire took the coffee tray into the garden, and was putting it on the table when they came through the gate. They were arm-in-arm. But that, of course, might mean anything or nothing.

"How nice to see you again," Claire said to Janet.

Janet smiled and muttered something. She accepted a cup of coffee and began to talk to Richard about her next part. Neither of them appeared to notice when Claire took the coffee tray and went indoors.

It was still hot, but with a mutter of thunder in the distance. The children, who had been resting, rather noisily, since lunch-time, burst upon Claire with demands to go swimming.

"Daddy said he'd take us."

"You must ask him," Claire said.

Through the kitchen window she heard them talking to Richard and Janet.

"Like to come swimming, Janet?" Richard said.

"I hoped you'd give me some help with my part," Janet answered.

"I'll do that this evening. Come on. I promised the kids."

Janet came in to borrow a bathing costume from Claire. She did not look very pleased. Family bathing parties, Claire fancied, hadn't been part of her plans for this week-end.

In the evening, however, she collared Richard properly. They were shut up together in his little study when Claire went to bed at midnight.

Sunday dawned with a thunderstorm. Janet had breakfast in bed, and by the time she came down Richard and the children had gone for a walk.

"When will they be back?" Janet asked Claire irritably. "Richard said he'd take me to the pub before lunch. He tells me the landlady there is a real comic."

"I dare say they'll be back for lunch," Claire said. "But I couldn't guarantee it. You know Richard has no sense of time."

Janet muttered something about its being very stupid of him, and buried herself in the hammock and the Sunday papers. She was a little inclined to be sharp with Richard, when he finally reappeared.

"I thought you were going to take me to the pub this morning," she said.

"I'll take you to-night."

"Oh."

The atmosphere at lunch was a little strained, but then Janet pulled herself together with a visible effort and was very charming to every one.

In the afternoon Claire and the children went to church. So Janet had Richard and the garden to herself. Claire's thoughts wandered a good deal during the service, but the word "trust" remained constant in her mind. She *had* to trust Richard. Even now. Even when he was sitting at Janet's feet and looking up at her with admiration.

"It isn't long now," Claire reminded herself. "She'll be gone to-morrow afternoon. And by then I'll know—whether or not Richard is going with her.

They spent the evening at the pub. Claire had declined to go. She said she had letters to write. So Janet marched off with Richard, wearing a peasant pinafore and an embroidered blouse which made her look like a schoolgirl.

Monday. Monday morning. Claire, in spite of everything else, was vaguely preoccupied about the washing. Her daily woman did it, but she had to collect it and sort it. She came to the surface of things in time to hear Diana say: "Are you going to take me into Winbury, daddy? You said you would some time this week-end."

"Yes," Richard agreed. "Ten o'clock bus?"

"I'll be ready," his daughter said.

At nine forty-five Janet came downstairs. She wore a very dashing print frock and a big Mexican hat.

"Well," she said, "what's the programme for this morning?"

For a moment no one spoke. Then Richard said casually: "I'm going into Winbury. With Diana. Like to come?"

IT seemed to Claire that Janet was staggered by this. She frowned. Then she said thoughtfully: "You said last night that you'd give me another coaching. This morning's our last chance."

"You're good enough," Richard said lightly. "I heard you all through on Saturday evening. Got everything, Diana? We ought to be starting."

"But you *said* you'd hear me," Janet protested. "You said last night——"

"Come on, Diana," said Richard.

They were out of the house before Janet could get to the door. She stamped furiously on the stone flags of the little hall. And turned to face Claire.

"He promised," she repeated in a high indignant voice.

"You should never try to keep Richard to his promises," Claire said.

"Why not? He's been so kind—so—so—understanding. Until now. You don't know what his friendship has been like. Until this week-end—those beastly children——"

Claire was filled, suddenly, with a sense of power. She knew now that Janet had failed. she had been possessive. She had tried to clutch at Richard, to tie him to her apron strings. And Richard wouldn't stand for that even if the apron was an embroidered one, encircling a very young, very slender waist.

Claire spoke arrogantly and carelessly. "Richard is very fond of his children."

"Obviously," Janet retorted. "Otherwise he wouldn't spend so much time here. But I don't suppose you know——" There was malice in her tone.

"I don't know," Claire interrupted. "And I don't want to know."

"I should think you'd have more pride," Janet said challengingly.

But Claire didn't pick up the challenge. She didn't need to, now. She thought of Richard and Diana, innocuously drinking coffee in Winbury. She thought of the cottage and the garden, beautiful, both of them, because of her work and her careful, clever planning. Richard would come back to them, always. Because she'd never tried to make him return. Because, here, he was free.

"Pride?" she said. "Oh, I don't know. Sometimes one can be proud enough to open one's fingers and let things go."

"Go?" said Janet.

"Yes," said Claire. "Go—and come back."

END

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Magnesia
CREAMS
TEXTURE CREAM
CLEANSING CREAM

Supplies are now available in Strictly Limited Quantities

Legend and Romance of Some Northern Roads

(*Continued from page* 25)

for its sign, the hostelry was at one time the place where cattle drovers passing to and from Scotland would change their money. The road is still known as "t'owd beeast road to Yarm."

Northumberland's Pilgrim Way holds to its story firmly. Only eight years ago, to mark the 1,300th anniversary of Aidan's coming to Lindisfarne with the imperishable gift of Christianity, thousands of pilgrims followed in the footsteps of their spiritual forebears by crossing from Beal on the mainland to Lindisfarne, or Holy Island as it is called to-day.

Twice every day that wide shore, protected home of the eider duck, is covered by the tide. Nowadays this is no insuperable barrier, for a "fleet" of horse-drawn traps and ancient cars is available for the passage at high tide, while—for pedestrians who might be overtaken en route by the swift-rising waters—the safe track is marked out by an "avenue" of poles, each pole bearing an arm pointing to the island (a precaution taken because of frequent mists). For centuries people looked upon Lindisfarne as the blessed isle and sought every possible opportunity to visit the island parish of Cuthbert, who succeeded Aidan.

If ever a road should be haunted, however, it would be the lonely road that careers over Buttertubs Pass, connecting Swaledale and Wensleydale, in North Yorkshire. This, also, is marked out with posts, for safety in times of heavy snow and doubtless as a warning of the deep limestone crevices which border the road near the summit. Known as the Buttertubs because of their curious shape, these crevices frequently provided robbers of bygone days with an easy method of getting rid of the itinerant pedlars whom they had waylaid on the heights.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

Almost every one bothered by premature greyness has a tight scalp. Make this test yourself. Plant your fingertips through your hair and firmly on the scalp, now rotate them and you will feel whether your scalp moves easily. When you are tired and headachy or below par your scalp will be tight and feel as if it is attached to the skull beneath. The fingertip massage described in "Off Duty" on page 33 will ease the tension and get rid of the headachy feeling. Both massage and brushing will whip up the blood supply and so improve the colour of your hair, and you need at least five minutes' brushing every morning and five minutes' massage at night to be effective. You also need as much fresh air and sunshine as you can acquire to get the colour back into your hair and keep it there.

OFF DUTY

A hair set which is never brushed and combed out properly will make the hair lose colour—so will a bout of 'flu or any illness which is accompanied by high fever. A lowered standard of health, which may be due to bad working conditions, great unhappiness, prolonged worry or poor diet will affect your hair first and foremost.

The way your hair looks and behaves depends a great deal on the type of shampoo you use; and though this is not a very pretty thing to say, the truth of the matter is that a scrupulously clean scalp is a very rare thing.

Now we have covered the subject of hair in a general way we might just as well get down to particulars. First, there is the question of falling hair. Your hair comes out in handfuls, you are afraid to brush it because you foresee the day when the last handful will be left on your hairbrush and your scalp will be bare. The way to deal with this problem is to give your scalp the stimulation it needs so badly by hand massage instead of brushing your hair—and use a good hair tonic. A very well-known

(*Continued on page* 66)

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tonic of pre-war days is still procurable and now costs 2s. 7½d. and 6s. 1½d. a bottle. It comes in two strengths, and if your hair is falling out in such a way as to cause you alarm and despondency you can start the course of treatments with the pure preparation costing 10s. 6d. a bottle. You begin the treatment by using a few drops only twice a week for the scalp massage. The cheaper preparation is used every day. Another excellent tonic of the spirit type with a little special oil included costs 5s. 10d. a bottle.

The best way to massage the scalp is to get a good, firm grip with your thumbs, one on each temple, and rotate your fingers very firmly over the whole of the front part of your scalp from the forehead right over the crown. For the back of your head place your thumbs low down at the nape of your neck and work with your fingers from the crown backwards. After a few days' massage even the tightest scalp will loosen up, and in this way you will stimulate the blood supply.

The problem hair needs a special shampoo.

On Duty—and Off

For oily, greasy and lank hair the best type is a medicated pine tar shampoo. If the hair is dry and harsh, then a coconut oil shampoo is more suitable. You can get both these shampoos for 2s. 9d. or 3s. 6d. a bottle. Incidentally, hair which has been dried out by too much bleaching or a drastic permanent wave should be treated to a course of coconut oil shampoos.

Now we come to the question of faded, disinterested hair which seems to be losing all brightness, health and colour. The best tonic for this type of hair is the good old-fashioned American bay rum and cantharides. I know of a chemist who has recently unearthed an old stock which he thinks must have been maturing for twenty years and he is now selling it at 2s. and 3s. 6d. a bottle. This type of tonic, combined with finger massage and a hundred strokes of the hair brush, is the way to whip faded hair back to life and colour.

END

The Last of the Nazis

(*Continued from page* 13)

problem to the victors, representing, as all too many of them will, a far-flung, continuing, latent fifth column.

Himmler, of course. This pig-faced beast would be the real if not the titular head of the principal guerrilla forces comprising the German *maquis*, scores if not hundreds of thousands of thugs who have made themselves dreaded throughout Europe and in Germany itself.

Closely allied with Himmler are five men who will assuredly be heard of to the last, or until they are bumped off.

Police-General Lorenz, Himmler's deputy, is the man who has been murdering all the Jews and rounding up "volunteers" in the satellite lands. Schepmann, chief of the German S.S. divisions, might well figure as Chief of Staff of the whole outfit. The last that one heard of him, he was touring Germany, arranging that all males from 14 to 70 shall be "unconditionally ready to take up arms and fight." Then there are the two senior generals of Hitler's Black Guards, Sepp Dietrich and Bartenstein. These men command the *élite* black guards and they have established permanent headquarters in Hitler's residence at Berchtesgaden. Dietrich, who relieved the wounded Rommel in Normandy, normally commands the Fuehrer's bodyguard, the bitter-enders of the Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler. He and Bartenstein are said to have much influence over the Fuehrer.

Fifthly, there is the Austrian, Kaltenbrunner, who succeeded Heydrich in command of the Security Department, which is in reality the worst of all the branches, "the terror within the terror." Kaltenbrunner heads the branch which sends the ashes to relatives, because the bodies have been too tortured.

Rommel and Jodl, Kluge and Hausser are other commanders fairly sure to be in with Hitler at the end, whatever it may be. Rommel, "the Nazis' General," one can well see in charge of the armoured side of the *maquis*, engineering tank and mechanized descents. Jodl would be the military brain over the maps. But more important than either in the circumstances would be Albert Speer, master of fortifications. Speer is Hitler's idea of what a young Nazi ought to be and he reached his dizzy heights as architect of Germany's "Fortress Europe" from being an unknown Berlin consultant just before the war. He was ultimately given the whole of Germany's industrial production but his fortifying will be of more use in the *maquis*. Speer is the pure technician, taking no part in ideological stuff.

Another very important figure in the Nazi Resistance would be Artur Axmann, thirty-year-old leader of the Hitler Youth. Axmann is the utter fanatic and he tells all German boys and girls that they belong completely to the Fuehrer. Axmann's lieutenant is likely to be Baldur von Schirach, a former Hitler Youth leader who is constantly in and out of Berchtesgaden from near-by Vienna.

Right at Hitler's side would be squat, thug-like Martin Bormann, head of the Nazi Party and dark horse of Hitlerism.

Of much the same out-and-out criminality are Gerhard Schach who runs Berlin in Goebbels's name, and Dr. Otto Thierack, late President of the People's Court which kills anybody it chooses under a revolutionary legal form.

Among other prominent last-ditchers destined for any Nazi *maquis* that may arise can be cited: Rosenberg, Frank, Oberg, Terboven, Koch, Greiser, Ley. As the "blood historian" of the Aryan nonsense, Rosenberg was in at the start and though all his guidance has landed the Nazis where they are, he should be in at the finish, too. Frank is the murderer of Poland, Oberg, ditto of Paris, and Terboven, the same of Norway. Robert Ley, having gone teetotal, became a greater villain and recovered his position with Hitler. Whether Paul Schmidt will be of the party, is doubtful. Hitler may not need his elegant, polished interpreter. Or may he? Will he be receiving visitors from foreign countries in his last fastness?

END

Looking To The Future

(*Continued from page* 42)

are looked upon as indispensable features.

Furnishing felt for upholstery is new and not expensive; wears well (the more it is used, the more it "felts" itself) and can be easily cleaned *in situ* with a little spirit. This felt is planned in a wide array of bright, primary colours and looks effective, for example, in scarlet piped with grey.

Bedford cord is another textile made for furnishing purposes, ideal for window-seats, chair-seats and upholstery in general—also available, when the right moment comes, in bold colours.

For curtains, I saw a soft hair-and-wool cloth that suggested angora, honey-coloured and decorated with whorls in chestnut brown or almond green; a washable, fadeless, gossamer-fine "cashmere" type of material, printed in clear colours on an ivory ground with an adaptation of a flowered pattern, a hundred and thirty years old; and Scotch tweeds, made up in stripes consisting of varying tones of the same shade—tawny rose deepening to henna, for instance.

The ingenuity shown by individuals, in the face of wartime restrictions and difficulties, in making inventive use of unthought-of materials about the house will no doubt have an influence on interior decoration for some time to come (the future of interior decoration

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OINTMENT
for Baby's delicate skin
For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.
Of all Chemists and Stores.
200

and furniture is a subject on its own, but here, also, colour will obviously play an important part).

At the Women's Land Army Club in Chesham Street, opened this summer by Lady Denman, the *décor* is attractive and ingenious to a degree. Mrs. R. H. Hudson, wife of the Minister of Agriculture, has made the canteen gay with cushions and chair-seats upholstered in black-and-white striped bed-ticking, piped with cherry red, and green blackout material in two different tones.

END

Frilled Jersey

(*Continued from page* 36)

curve. Cast off 6 sts. at outside edge on every other row 6 times. Work other side the same.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 82 sts. in yellow. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Change to the patt. and work an in. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every other row until there are 96 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

THE FRILLS FOR SLEEVES (2 alike)

With contrast wool, cast on 177 sts. Work 2 rows k. Now * k. 2, p. 2 tog., p. 3 ; rep. from * ending k. 2.

2nd row (and all alternate rows).—K. the p. st., and p. the k. st. of previous row as in stocking st.

3rd row.—* K. 2, p. 2 tog., p. 2 ; rep. from * ending k. 2.

5th row.—* K. 2, p. 2 tog., p. 1 ; rep. from *.

7th row.—* K. 2, p. 2 tog. ; rep. from *.

Work 8th row. Work 2 rows k. Cast off. (Frill should measure about 11 ins. along cast-off edge.)

FRILL FOR NECK (3 pieces alike)

Cast on 163 sts. Work as for sleeves. Join these 3 pieces into one long strip.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew frills to sleeves by sewing cast-off edge to to top part of rib so that frill stands upwards and rib forms cuff, as in sketch. Sew frill round neck starting at left front, and continuing down right front opening at extreme edge ; now up other side. Sew on hooks and eyes.

Snug Woolly Undies

(*Continued from page* 36)

Continue the dec. at end of every k. row, and work 3 more sts. in rib at beg. of every k. row (and therefore 3 less in stocking st.) until there are 122 sts.

Now with wrong side facing, work to within 9 sts. Turn, work back, (increasing the rib 3 as usual). Work to within 18 sts. Turn, work back as before. Continue to work 9 less sts. every time until there are only 14 sts. to be worked. Change to No. 12 needles and p. across all sts. Now rib on 62 sts. for 8 rows. Make a buttonhole by knitting together 4th and 5th sts. from centre edge, wl. fwd. rib to end. Work 8 more rows rib. Work 2nd buttonhole. Work 8 rows. Cast off.

Work rib on other half, casting on 8 sts. at centre edge to form flap for buttons. Work rib to make this half the same length as other half.

THE LEFT LEG

Work to correspond to right, with shaping and rib at opposite edge.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up leg seams. Sew back and front seams. Cut bias for waist into two 14-in. pieces, making waist 26 with turnings. Cut bias to 19 ins. for each leg and bind. Sew on buttons. Make 4 lovers knots of the binding and sew as illustration. Sew side seams of vest, and bind top.

CORRECTION : In the instructions for SHORT SLEEVED JACKET *which appeared in the August issue, are two misprints. The first is on page* 36 *in Left Front on 3rd line. Should be* 72 *stitches instead of* 62. *The second is on page* 67, *after "cast off* 12 *st." It should read "K* 2 *tog." next this casting off instead of "K* 2 *" next this casting off.*

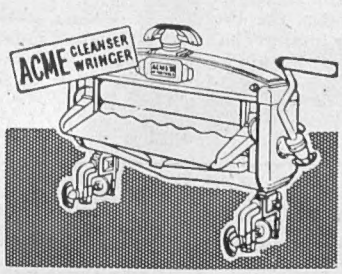
OVERHEARD IN THE QUEUE

"... No, I don't mind the washing, but that wooden mangle I've had to put up with does take it out of me so—*and* out of the clothes!"

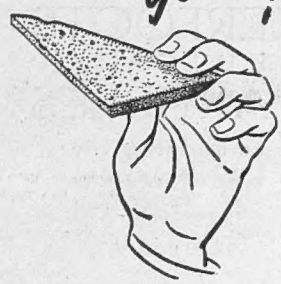
"That's where I'm lucky; I was able to find one of those lovely ★Acmes just in time—just before war broke out—and it's been doing overtime for the neighbours since!"

"Well, I was only saying to Jim the other day that if post-war planning gives everyone an Acme I'll be more interested in it. And won't I be thankful to see the back of mother's old-fashioned wooden-roller mangle."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer does your fleeciest blankets as easily and as safely as your sheerest undies—thanks to rubber rollers and Acme's patented 'cantilever pressure.'*



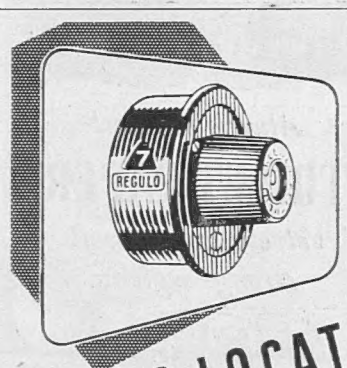
Little and good!



You get a lot of goodness out of a little

HOVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield



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THE GOVERNMENT ORDER LIMITING POLISH SUPPLIES MEANS:
NOW HALF A TIN OF
RONUK
MUST GO AS FAR AS ONE
RONUK FLOOR POLISH

Appointment In Vienna

(*Continued from page* 16)

"Austria, meaningless among its mountains!" I do not know who first coined that. But I have heard it said many a time by newspaper correspondents, appalled at the politico-economic madhouse that the alleged statesmen had made out of Central Europe. My own arrival in Vienna, that first exciting visit, was unique; for I went there in my own boat. This was the 26-ft. Norfolk Broads yawl, *Flame*, which I was then in the midst of sailing across Europe from the North to the Black Sea.

"Half-way across Europe!" I called out to my wife (who was the sole crew of the *Flame*). "Vienna—the city of pleasure! Shall we eat at the Opera Café or Madam Sacher's to-night?"

We entered the canal strip above Nussdorf that led into Vienna proper, so that our first vision was actually a very realistic one; it was nothing but workers' houses, smoke-stacks, with factories all around us. This, although it had not been built then, was the coming socialist Vienna of the Karl Marx House. Then we went to the "Meissel und Schaden," an old-fashioned hotel, with bright flower boxes at all its windows, which turned up its aristocratic nose at the tourists then beginning to flock into Austria, and contented itself with still being the Vienna rendezvous of the old Austrian landowning class. This, you could sense instantly in the quiet (yet melancholic) courtesy of the ancient servants, was old Vienna.

If I had not been a newspaper man I think I would not have had such a distinct shock. But, being a newspaper correspondent, as soon as I had left the luxury of the first real bath I had had for a month, I went to a certain café. It was at this café, I knew, that news-gatherers from all the world met. It was an internationally known meeting place for my profession. It was also the special listening post for an unsavoury and sinister assortment of spies, agitators, and revolutionists. In those days you would see, for example, the dignified London *Times* man chatting with a swarthy, round-headed Bulgarian—you know that Balkan type, with no back to its head—and although the London man appeared bored stiff, you knew (if you knew him at all) that he was asking circuitous questions in an innocent manner. The Bulgar, knowing that the foppish young man behind them was actually an emissary of Moscow, answered accordingly. The Hungarian newspaperman gave one answer to his Czech colleague's questions—and diametrically the opposite to the Chicago *Daily News* Vienna correspondent. Neither of them being accepted as being anywhere near the truth, both being, his colleagues well knew, what Budapest was, at that moment and in that connection, instructing its propagandists to say. Then, with a head full of this mass of information, you walked thoughtfully back to your office—and gave your version.

"You've come just at the right time," smiled my colleague, who was awaiting me there. "There's a big funeral on to-day. It's a boy called Mohaple, a Fascist. He was a member of the 'Hackenkreutzers'—the Hooked Cross outfit. He was killed by an hysterical mob—the 'Hooked Cross' outfit say the Socialists did it. And this big public parade is a gesture of defiance, of arrogance. I think it marks the turn against Socialism. I'm going to cover it, so you'd better come along. It's just touch-and-go whether there will be some shooting or not."

So my introduction to "charming" Vienna—the "Reunion in Vienna" type of operetta capital—was to stand moodily on a kerb and watch the thud-thud-thud of thousands of feet as a grim, silent procession filed doggedly past. People about me spoke only in whispers. They fell utterly silent when the ominous banners of the "Hooked Cross" (forerunner of the swastika) were being carried past. Then came the black-gaitered horsemen, escorting the silver-decked hearse. Mohaple was carried to his rest.

"But," said my friend, "there will be no rest for Vienna. There cannot be. Austria, I tell you, simply cannot continue to exist—something *must* happen. A catastrophe of some sort. And the 'Hackenkreutzers' seem to be getting top dog. Did you see that parade of street-car employees? Now there's a protest!—of workers against Socialists. The street cars are run by the city; and Vienna is Socialist. Those men must be desperate indeed, for they took an awful chance with their jobs!"

My friend, who was an old resident of Vienna, shuddered. "But didn't that *silence* get on your nerves? It was as pregnant with trouble as an uplifted sword."

ACTUALLY, I heard the fall of Vienna from inside Germany itself. I was at a Kurott in the Harz mountains when the loudspeaker in its charming little park began to roar out some noises that sounded amazingly like roars of cheers—cheers being drowned by the roars, and roars, and roars of low-flying aeroplanes coming over.

"Vienna!" screamed a young Nazi that I knew, leaping to his feet. "Vienna! Vienna! Vienna! The Fuehrer is entering Vienna!" He clenched his sunburned fist: "Now we'll show them! *We'll* show the world what Germany can do! *This is the German Year!*"

Well, that was March 12, 1938—and that was the German Year, all right. But . . .

AN appointment to meet in Vienna was made at Teheran. It was decided between Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt that the British, the Russians, and the Americans should occupy Vienna jointly. It has not been decided what to do with Vienna. Not yet.

Many thoughtful British and Americans are feeling, gloomily, that the Kremlin's foreign policy has too much dynamism. Our own seems to have lost its sense of mission, its purpose, even its sense of direction. Both of these things may be true. But, if so, they also point to another truth, i.e., that the democracies have not shown themselves to be altogether spent so far as toughness goes in this war, even if we were a little late in getting into our full stride. That "crunch of war," as the incomparable leader, Churchill, so aptly called it, has meant a literal rejuvenation of Great Britain. It is purging the United States of a dangerously powerful isolationism. It has made both the democracies face the truth that the world must be compared to one human body. And that, to carry on with the simile, if part of that body is grievously sick, the whole body is sick. And you can't turn your back on yourself.

In the opinion of many hard-boiled newspaper correspondents (and their realistic estimation counts for something), Vienna—and very nearly Vienna alone—is the key to the health of Europe. Find a peaceful, economically sound solution for Vienna, for Austria, and you have gone three-fourths of the distance to solving that riddle which has disrupted European peace for centuries—the problems of that area known as the Danube Basin.

To-day the Problem of Vienna awaits. It is the major challenge—to what must be a positive foreign policy from both Washington and Whitehall. As Vienna goes, so will go Europe.

END

1.9.44

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